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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Etchings of a Whaling Cruise; with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar; and a brief History of the Whale Fishery, in its past and present condition. By J. ROSS BROWNE. With numerous engravings and woodcuts. Murray.

BE it understood that Mr. ROSS BROWNE is an American, who has been wandering about the world in search of the fortune which in his boyish dreams he conceived was to be readily acquired by any man, who would go forth from his home with the true spirit of adventure in him, and, eschewing all regular pursuits, make this fortune-finding his business. His first essay was at Washington, where he hired himself as a reporter, with no intent to make reporting his occupation, but to save a little cash for an outfit. He laboured diligently through a session of Congress, and at the close, finding a very small fund accumulated, he started with a companion of similar tastes, and equally poor, resolved to work their passage to Europe. By the time they reached New York, their little store was exhausted. In such a state of destitution they sought various employments, but found none; and, at last, driven to extremities, they were obliged to hire themselves to a whaler, then about to sail, as was asserted, for the South Seas. It proved a miserable speculation in every way. They had a barbarous captain, a vicious and ill-conditioned crew, an unsound ship, and insufficient provisions. Instead of keeping to the South Seas, as had been promised, they were stationed off the coast of Africa, and in the Indian Ocean. The hardships, at length, became so intolerable, that when they reached the island of Zanzibar, BROWNE resolved to quit the ship at all hazards, and by the aid of the consul there, succeeded in emancipating himself. Ultimately, he worked his way back to America, in an United States' vessel; and he has published this narrative of his sufferings, for the purpose of warning others against the ill-managed, and often cruelly-governed whaling service.

With a few points of interest, the book has many faults. It is essentially American in its manners, self-important, tediously minute in detail, and with a sort of newspaper style prevailing throughout, that bad style in which the object of the reporter is to amplify by accumulation of epithets, and to write up trifles into a factitious importance.

When Mr. BROWNE indulges in reflection, which he does occasionally, it is the veriest common-place picked out in fine phrases. Throughout there is a pretension in the tone not justified by the matter, and, although published here by Mr. MURRAY, we strongly suspect

that the substance of the work must have been written for, if it has not been already printed in, some American newspaper or magazine. His picture of that portion of the marine of the United States, into which it was his misfortune to enter, is no doubt true, and should have the immediate attention of his own government; but it is pleasing to reflect that such a captain, ship, or crew, could scarcely have been despatched from England. These confessions are the more gratifying, because the stay-at-home Americans delight to boast the general superiority of their naval service over ours, and we are enabled now to answer them by the published experience of two of their own countrymen, the author before us, and Mr. DANA, whose "Two years before the Mast" afforded in a more pleasing manner similar evidence.

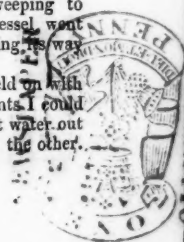
Here and there Mr. BROWNE succeeds in producing a graphic picture; that is, when he can forget his original vocation of reporter, and throw himself upon his natural powers of description, unaided by the lessons of the penny-a-liners. Thus there is breadth and mass of colouring in this account of

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST GALE.

Night closed upon us with rough and cloudy weather. By morning we had a heavy, chopping sea, and began to experience all the horrors of sea-sickness. The mate, a stout, bluff-looking Englishman, with a bull neck, kept us in continual motion, and gave us plenty of hard work to do, clearing up the decks, bracing the yard, stowing down the loose rubbish, and otherwise making the vessel tidy and ship-shape. He bellowed forth his orders to the men in the rigging like a roaring lion, yelled and swore at the "green hands" in the most alarming manner, and pulled at the ropes as if determined to tear the whole vessel to pieces. The loungers or "sogers" had no chance at all with him; he actually made them jump as if suddenly galvanized. For the sea-sick he had no sympathy whatever. "Stir yourselves; jump about; pull, haul, work like vengeance!" he would say, in the bluff, hearty voice of a man who appeared to think sickness all folly; "that's the way to cure it. You'll never get well if you give up to it. Tumble about there! Work it off, as I do."

To the haggard, wo-begone landmen, who staggered about groaning under their afflictions, this sounded very much like mockery. For my part, I thought the mate a great monster to talk about sickness with a face red as a turkey-cock's snout. After a day of horrors, such as I had never spent before, we were permitted to go below for the night. * * * Sea-sick and harassed after a hard day's work, we had gladly availed ourselves of a few hours' respite from duties so laborious. The mate came to the scuttle, and, with half-a-dozen tremendous raps, roared at us to bear a hand. "Tumble up every mother's son of you, and take in sail. Out with you, green hands and all. We won't have any sick aboard here. You didn't come to sea to lay up. No groaning there, or I'll be down after you. D'ye hear the news down below? Tumble up, tumble up, my lively hearties!" There was no refusing so peremptory a command as this, little as we liked it. Without exactly tumbling up, we contrived with some difficulty to gain the deck; for the vessel pitched so violently that few of the green hands could keep their feet under them. I shall never forget the bewilderment with which I looked around me. We were in the Gulf stream, enshrouded in darkness and spray. The sea broke over our bows, and swept the decks with a tremendous roar. Momentary flashes of lightning added to the sublimity of the scene. When I looked over the bulwarks, it seemed to me that the horizon was flying up in the clouds and whirling round the vessel by turns; and the clouds, as if astonished at such wild pranks, appeared to be shaking their dark heads backward and forward over the horizon. I looked aloft, and there the sky was sweeping to and fro in a most unaccountable manner. The vessel went staggering along, creaking, groaning, and thumping its way through the heavy seas.

I grasped the first rope I could get hold of, and held on with the tenacity of a drowning man. For a few moments I could do nothing but gasp for breath, and wipe the salt water out of my eyes with one hand while I held on with the other.



The confusion of voices and objects around me, the tremendous seas sweeping over the decks, and the flapping of the sails, impressed me with a belief that we were all about to be lost. I kept my grasp on the rope, thinking it must be fast to something, and, if the ship foundered, I should at least be sure of a piece of the wreck. As for comrade, W——, I supposed he was still on board, and called for him with all my might; but the wind drove my voice back in my throat. While standing in this unpleasant predicament, the mate came rushing by, shouting to the green hands to "tumble up aloft, and lay out on the yards!" Aloft such a night, and for the first time! Was the man mad? The very idea seemed preposterous. Presently he came dashing back, thundering forth his orders with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger. "Up with you! Every man tumble up! Don't stand gaping like a parcel of boobies! Aloft there, before the sails are blown to Halifax." Knowing how useless it would be to remonstrate, and believing I might as well die one way as another, I spang up on the weather bulwark and commenced the terrible ascent. The darkness was so dense that I could scarcely see the ratlines, and it was only by groping my way in the wake of those before me that I could make out where I was going. A few accidental kicks in the face from an awkward fellow who was above me, and a punch or two from another below me, convinced me that I was in company at all events. How I contrived to drag myself over the foretop, I do not well remember. By a desperate exertion, however, I succeeded; and holding on by every rope I could get hold of with extraordinary tenacity, I at length found myself on the foot-rope, leaning over the yard, and clinging to one of the reef-points, fully determined not to part company with that, in spite of the captain, mate, or whole ship's company. "Haul out to leeward!" roared somebody to my right; "knot away!" This was all Greek to me. A sailor close by good-naturedly shewed me what I was to do; and having knotted my reef-point, I looked down to see what was the prospect of getting on deck again. The barque was keeled over at an angle of forty-five degrees, plunging madly through the foam, and I could form no idea of the bearings of the deck. All I could see was a long dark object below, half hidden in the raging brine. My right-hand neighbour gave me a hint to get in out of the way, which required no repetition; but I found my situation anything but pleasant. By the time I reached the foretop, my head was pretty well battered, and my hands were wofully skinned and bruised, the sailors having made free use of me to accelerate their downward progress.

And in this of

A WHALE CHASE.

Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard, and waist boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist-boat got off in pretty good time; and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the chase. The larboard boat, commanded by the mate, and the waist-boat, by the second mate, were head and head. "Give way, my lads, give way!" shouted P——, our headsman; "we gain on them; give way! A long, steady stroke! That's the way to tell it!" "Ay, ay!" cried Tabor, our boat-steerer. "What d'ye say, boys? Shall we lick 'em?" "Pull! pull like vengeance!" echoed the crew; and we danced over the waves, scarcely seeming to touch them. The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist-boat took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate the whales turned flukes, going dead to windward. "Now for it, my lads!" cried P——. "We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! a long, steady pull! That's it! that's the way! Those whales belong to us. Don't gie out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales!" The other boats veered off at either side of us, and continued the chase with renewed ardour. In about half an hour we lay on our oars to look round for the whales. "There she blows! right ahead!" shouted Tabor, fairly dancing with delight. "There she blows—there she blows!" "Oh, Lord, boys, spring!" cried P——. "Spring it is! What d'ye say, now, chummies? Shall we take those whales?" To this general appeal every man replied by putting his weight on his oar, and exerting his utmost strength. The boat flew through the water with in-

credible swiftness, scarcely rising to the waves. A large bull whale lay about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, lazily rolling in the trough of the sea. The larboard and starboard boats were far to leeward of us, tugging hard to get a chance at the other whales, which were now blowing in every direction. "Give way! give way, my hearties!" cried P——, putting his weight against the aft oar. "Do you love gin? A bottle of gin to the best man! Oh, pile it on while you have breath! pile it on!" "On with the beef, chummies! Smash every oar! double 'em up or break 'em!" "Every devil's imp of you, pull! No talking; lay back to it; now or never!"

On dashed the boat, cleaving its way through the rough sea as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water it was evident that he had milled while down, by which manœuvre he gained on us nearly a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as he was making to windward rapidly. A heavy black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the barque was fast fading from sight. Still we were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort. "Never give up, my lads," said the headsman, in a cheering voice. "Mark my words, we'll have the whale yet. Only *think* he's ours, and there's no mistake about it, he *will* be ours. Now for a hard, steady pull! Give way!" "Give way, sir! Give way, all!" "There she blows! Oh, pull, my lively lads! Only a mile off! There she blows!" The wind had by this time increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering over us far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward, and entirely concealed the barque. Our situation was rather unpleasant: in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing. We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow, and stood by with the harpoon. "Softly, softly, my lads," said the headsman. "Ay, ay, sir!" "Hush-h-h! softly. Now's your time, Tabor!" Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron. "Give him another!" "Stern all!" thundered P——. "Stern all!" And, as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then sounded, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks. When he rose to the surface again we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to despatch him with lances. "Spouting blood!" said Tabor; "He's a dead whale! He won't need much lancing." It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart of him, he commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. By the time we had reached him he was belly up. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes, and when he turned his head towards the sun a loud, simultaneous cheer burst from every lip.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

One of the boat-steerers, whose turn it was to fasten the blubber-hook, went down over the side on the whale's back, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, and rather an uncomfortable ducking, performed his task. While yet on the whale's back, a large, hungry-looking shark, which had been eyeing him for some time very anxiously, was washed up behind him by a heavy sea; and, apparently loath to lose so good an opportunity of making a meal, began to work his way along the slimy surface till within a foot or two of the boat-steerer's heels. The officers happened at the moment to be looking up at the pendant-block; and in all probability the man would have been seriously injured, if not carried off bodily, but for the timely alarm of one of the crew. The mate immediately turned to see what was the matter; and, perceiving the critical position of the boat-steerer, brought his spade to bear upon the shark, and at a single dart chopped off his tail. Strange to say, the greedy monster did not appear to be particularly concerned at this indignity; but, sliding back into his native element, very leisurely swam off, to the great apparent amusement of his comrades, who pursued him with every variety of gyrations. It surprised me to see with what cool indifference the boat-steerer witnessed the whole transaction. I do not remember that he said a word about it.

Another passage worth extracting is a lively account of an interview with

AN AFRICAN CHIEFTAIN.

One fine afternoon, while rambling about the town, I met a native named Jezzarine, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance. At his request I followed him to a certain part of the town, where, he informed me, I would see "much fine thing." We stopped at the door of a large whitewashed house, highly ornamented with Arabian filigree work. Under a piazza was seated a remarkably handsome young Arab, surrounded by a group of richly dressed retainers, who seemed to regard him with unusual deference. From his general appearance I took him to be some distinguished chieftain. His costume was exceedingly striking and graceful. The upper part of his dress consisted of a kind of spencer of rich green cloth, beautifully decorated with gold and silver ornaments; a gaudy silk vest, fringed with tassel-work; and a loose white robe, thrown gracefully over his left shoulder. His sash was of the most delicate Persian silk, and his *khunger*, or dagger, was highly ornamented with jewels. The remainder of his dress consisted of loose white pantaloons, exquisitely embroidered, and a pair of sandals, in which were worked symbols and devices from the Koran. His turban was singularly rich and becoming. In complexion he was lighter than the common order of Arabs; perhaps owing to his exposure. I think I never saw a more perfect face. His forehead was high and expansive, his nose a true Grecian, his eyes brilliant as diamonds, and his mouth and chin exquisitely chiselled. I saluted him with my most polite bow, which he returned by a slight inclination of the head, and a smile of welcome. Jezzarine, who stood behind me, pinched my elbow, and whispered in my ear, "Take off hat!" I did as he desired, and patiently awaited farther orders. The chief, after carefully examining me, to ascertain if I had any tobacco, put his hand in my pocket, and drew out my flute, which I joined together. He attempted to play upon it, but was unable to produce a sound. Nettled at his failure, he handed it to me rather impatiently, and by a motion expressed his desire to hear me play. I did so, and had the good fortune to throw him into a very good humour. He enjoyed the music as well as I could wish, and when I had done playing expressed his satisfaction by clapping his hands three times. I thought this was intended for applause, but I soon discovered that the applause was of a more substantial nature. A slave quickly made his appearance. The chief spoke a few words to him, and he went back into the house. Presently he returned, bearing in his hands a round table with pewter plates upon it, containing oranges, bananas, dates, mangoes, and other tropical delicacies; also glasses containing sherbet and lemonade. I ate and drank heartily of what was set before me; but the Arabs would not join me. However, I cared little about that; the refreshments tasted quite as well as if they had assisted me. I played several more tunes before I left; laughed, talked, and danced for the amusement of the chief, and altogether made myself quite at home. On parting, I shook hands with the crowd all round. Jezzarine pinched me several times when he thought I was going ahead rather too unceremoniously; but I paid no attention to his hints. After we had turned a corner, and were entirely out of the hearing of the chief and his followers, Jezzarine stopped, and, with horror and consternation depicted in his looks, whispered—"You savey who dat?" "No," said I; "who is it?" "What!" he exclaimed, in utter amazement, "you no savey who you play for?" "No; I never saw him before." "Oh, you do bad ting; you play, you dance, you laugh all de same *he me!* He berry mad. Suppose ship no here, he kill you!" "But who is he?" "Who? What for you no savey his Highness Syed Mohammed, grand big Sultan."

Mr. BROWNE confesses to a habit his "knowing" countrymen have of

CHEATING "THE NATIVES."

Rajapoot, a native who had agreed to furnish us with wood, brought a large canoe alongside in the evening, containing about a whale-boat load, which was what he contracted to furnish. After we got it on board, the captain refused to pay the sum agreed upon. Rajapoot argued, that he had fulfilled his contract, and was entitled to be honestly paid for his wood; but if the captain wished he should take it back again, he would do so. The captain would neither give it up nor pay for it. Rajapoot went off in high dudgeon, swearing he would raise

men enough ashore to take the vessel. As soon as he was gone, we were set to work clearing away the casks in the blubber-room, and stowing away the wood under hatches, it being the design to pay all dues "with the foretop-sail." We were ordered to go to work very silently, in order that we might not alarm the natives by any symptoms of preparation to put to sea. That they might suspect nothing unusual, I was told to go out on the jib-boom and "blaze away" on my flute. I thought it rather a hard case to be obliged to participate in cheating poor Rajapoot, light as the duty assigned to me was; but this was not a matter of taste. The American portion of the crew all grumbled at the meanness of this trickery; and the mate said, "if he could raise three dollars he'd pay for the wood himself, sooner than such an act of low, stealthy, contemptible meanness should be attributed to a vessel bearing the flag of the United States." We held a private consultation about raising a subscription to pay the bill; but, upon examining our effects, we were not able to scrape up even two dollars' worth of property; all our clothing consisted of a few miserable rags, for which we felt much indebted to the outfitter. It is treatment like this that renders the natives treacherous and hostile. There has been more done to destroy the friendly feelings of the inhabitants of islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans toward Americans, by the meanness and rascality of whaling captains, than all the missionaries and embassies from the United States can ever atone for. "Pay them with the foretop-sail!" is a mode of cheating the natives as common in practice as in theory.

So it seems that Repudiation is *not* an accident of a State, but a systematic practice—when the creditor is not strong enough to assert his rights by force. Have the worst enemies of America ever passed upon it a severer satire than is conveyed in the above confession of an American? And with it we close this volume.

Travels into the Interior of Brazil, principally into the Northern Provinces, and during the years 1836—1841.

By GEORGE GARDNER, F.L.S. London, 1846.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WITH a few more extracts we conclude our notice of this interesting work.

INSTINCT OF THE CRAB.

From a fisherman, whom I met on the shore, I obtained permission to occupy an empty hut till the following day. While seated on the old trunk of a tree, which was lying on the beach about high-water mark, I observed that along the shore here, as well as all along the coast, crabs of various sizes abounded; and as I had to wait for some time till my luggage was landed and carried to the hut, I amused myself by watching the operations of a small species, belonging to the genus *Gelasimus*, that was either making or enlarging its burrow in the sand. About once in every two minutes it came up to the surface with a quantity of sand enclosed in its left claw, which, by a sudden jerk, it ejected to the distance of about six inches, always taking care to vary the direction in which it was thrown so as to prevent its accumulation in one place. Having a few small shells belonging to a species of *Turbo* in one of my jacket pockets, I endeavoured to throw one of these into its hole, in order to see whether it would bring it up again or not; of the four that were thus thrown, one only entered the hole, the others remaining within a few inches of it. It was about five minutes before the animal again made its appearance, bringing with it the shell which had gone down; and carrying it to the distance of about a foot from its burrow, it there deposited it. Seeing the others lying near the mouth of the hole, it immediately carried them, one by one, to the place where the first had been laid down, and then returned to its former labour of carrying up sand. It was impossible not to conclude that the actions of this little creature, which holds so low a station in the chain of beings, were the result of reason, rather than of blind instinct by which the actions of the inferior animals are generally thought to be guided; for man himself, under the same circumstances, could not have acted with more judgment.

Here is an ingenious contrivance:—

HOW TO SAIL AGAINST THE WIND.

The canoe was carried down the stream by the force of the

current; but in the afternoon, and during the greater part of the night, the sea-breeze blew so strong as to impede our progress. The boatmen, however, adopted a plan to overcome this, which I have never seen elsewhere, nor even heard of; and I will therefore explain it in a few words. Landing at a place where trees grew in abundance, the men set to work and cut off a considerable quantity of branches, which were tied tightly together with cords; one end of a long rope was made fast round its middle, while the other end was secured to the canoe. They then steered for a part of the river where the current was strong, and threw the bundle overboard; which, being heavy from its green state, floated just below the surface of the water, and in this manner being entirely out of the influence of the wind, it received the whole force of the current; by which means the canoe was dragged down at a rate little inferior to that by which we descended during the calm of the day.

Let us now see Mr. GARDNER in his vocation, and it introduces an extraordinary fact:—

Though there are both a priest and a lawyer on the island, there is no medical man; and as soon as I was known to be one, my assistance was solicited from all quarters. The first individual I was requested to visit was a man with a large abscess in the neck, from the suppuration of the right sub-maxillary gland: he could neither speak nor swallow, and his relatives thought him on the point of death. I opened the abscess, which gave him instant relief; and next day when I called, he was sitting up, and able to overwhelm me with thanks for what he conceived to be a miraculous cure. This case so established my reputation that I had more medical practice than I desired. Two of my patients were in the last stage of consumption; but by far the greater proportion of the cases resulted from intermittent fever, chiefly arising from derangement of the digestive organs, accompanied with enlargement of the spleen. Consumption is rare in Brazil: during the whole of my travels I did not meet with more than half-a-dozen cases. As I would receive no fees, many presents of fish, fowls, and fruit, were sent me.

Among the insect plagues of Brazil, pre-eminent is

THE CARRAPATO.

Shortly after leaving Oeiras, we began to be much tormented by a species of tick, to which the Brazilians give the name of Carrapato. These insects abound in dry bushy places, where they attach themselves to the slender twigs. At first they are very small (*Carrapatos miudos*), and may be seen in clusters consisting of many hundreds; these as soon as any animal passes by, and touches them, instantly adhere to it, burying their suckers so deeply into its skin, that it is only by using considerable force they can be withdrawn. If not taken off, they go on increasing in bulk till they become as large, and even larger, than a common horsebean; they even increase in size on the grass and bushes; but then have a lean flat appearance: it is to this form that the name Carrapato grande is given. Spix and Martius believe the large and small kinds to be distinct species; but I think there can be no doubt that they are the same insects in different stages; St. Hilaire is of this opinion, and so are the inhabitants themselves. It is only in the beginning of the dry season that the small carrapato is to be found in those districts which are infested by them; but as the season advances, they gradually disappear, to be replaced by the larger ones. They attach themselves indiscriminately to all kinds of quadrupeds, but the horse and the ox suffer most from their attacks; and in very dry seasons they exist in such numbers, that whole herds of cattle perish from the exhaustion which they produce. If, however, the animal on which they live can hold out till the rains set in, it soon regains its strength, as wet is very fatal to the carrapato: I have frequently seen some of my horses that were infested by these creatures get nearly free from them after swimming across a broad river. Some horses I found were much more subject to them than others. We found the dry bushy country above Parnaguá swarming with these pests; and almost every night we had to pick hundreds of them off our bodies before we could turn into our hammocks. The men suffered more than either Mr. Walker or myself, as they were on foot, and their legs were bare from the knees downwards. When I walked out to botanise in the neighbourhood of the places where we encamped, I used generally to get completely covered

with them, and had to change my dress; but by laying the infested articles in the bright sunshine for a quarter of an hour they became fit to put on again. A favourite little ring-tailed monkey, which I obtained from an old Indian some days after we left Oeiras, also used to suffer very much from these insects. When full-grown, a large carrapato very much resembles the ripe seed of the castor-oil tree. In dragging off very large ones, the wound which is left often becomes a very bad sore. The carrapato belongs to the genus *Ixodes*, of Latreille.

And sufficiently formidable are

THE SNAKES OF BRAZIL.

Sometimes we visited the valley behind the house, which in several places is swampy, and abounds in a large species of palm, called cabecudo, the fruit of which forms the principal food of the large blue macaw, which is very common in this district. In the marshes of this valley the boa-constrictor is often met with of considerable size: it is not uncommon throughout the whole province, particularly by the wooded margins of lakes, marshes, and streams. Sometimes they attain the enormous length of forty feet; the largest I ever saw was at this place, but it was not alive. Some weeks before our arrival at Sapê, the favourite riding horse of Senhor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the Fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueiros, in going through a wood by the side of a small river, saw an enormous boa, suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water; it was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length; on opening it, the bones of a horse, in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured; from these circumstances we concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes, the capacity for swallowing is prodigious; I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog nearly as large as my fist; and once I killed a rattle-snake, about four feet long and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs, one of which swelled out its sides to nearly twice the thickness of the other parts; it was still alive, and hopped away after it was liberated. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter which it has the power of secreting in its mouth.

Here are some anecdotes of

BRAZILIAN MONKEYS.

On their branches were to be seen numbers of a beautiful little marmoset monkey, attracted thither by a gum which this tree secretes, and of which they are very fond. Among the trees of these forests were also seen some of the large howling monkeys (*Myctes barbatus*, Spix.), which are known in Brazil by the names of *barbudo* and *guariba*; they possess immensely muscular power in their long prehensile tails; and even after being shot, and quite dead, they hang suspended by them from the branches. They generally appear in bands, making a disagreeable howling noise, particularly at an early hour in the morning. A little ring-tailed monkey (*Ateles paniscus*) is still more abundant, and is more persecuted by the fazendeiro, on account of the depredations it commits in his plantations. The cane and Indian corn-fields are those which they most frequently visit, whence they always carry off their plunder to the woods. An old negro assured me he had often seen one of these animals carry with it not less than three spikes of Indian corn,—one in its mouth, another secured by one of its arms, and a third held by its prehensile tail; I confess, however, that before placing implicit faith in this tale I must be a witness to the fact. The moist and marshy Campos produce various kinds of palm-trees, which bear large clus-

ters of small nuts, greatly resembling miniature cocoa-nuts. When ripe, these are covered externally with a fibrous oily substance, which has a sweetish taste, and constitutes the favourite food of these little monkeys, who are no less fond of the internal part of the nut, which contains a substance similar to that found in cocoa-nuts. In several parts of the interior I have been told, that, to get at the kernel, the shell being too hard to break with their teeth, the monkeys carry the nuts to rocky places, and then break them with a stone; and I even met with persons who assured me that they had watched them in such places, through the bushes, and actually seen them engaged in this operation. This account, like that of the carrying away of Indian corn, I always considered to be fabulous till I arrived at Sapé. In an excursion we made over the Serra, immediately behind the Fazenda, where it is composed of nearly bare, rugged, limestone peaks, in several almost inaccessible places we came upon large heaps of the broken shells of nuts, generally upon a bare open part of the rock, and along with them a number of roundish pieces of stone, larger than the fist, which had evidently been employed in breaking the shells. These, Senhor Lagoira told me, were the places resorted to by the monkeys for the purpose of breaking the nuts collected in the low grounds; and that in his shooting excursions over the mountains, he has frequently seen them take flight on his approach. That they both can and really do make use of a stone in order to break that which is too hard for their teeth, I have frequently witnessed in a little pet monkey that accompanied me on my journey; I obtained it in Piahy, and it was the only one of the many tame animals I carried with me that reached Rio de Janeiro alive; it was a female of the species we are now speaking of, and ultimately became very gentle. Jerry was the favourite with all, and, indeed, in all respects fared like ourselves; it became so fond of tea, which it drank every morning and evening, that it would not go to sleep without its usual allowance. Its favourite food was farinha, boiled rice, and bananas, but scarcely any thing came amiss to it; a raw egg was a choice morsel, and on being given to it, it broke one end by gently knocking it on the floor, and completed the hole by picking off the broken bits of shell, and putting in the point of its long slender finger; throwing back its head, and holding the egg erect between its two hands, it soon contrived to suck out the whole contents. Whenever any thing was given to it that was too hard to break with its teeth, it always looked about for a stone; and lifting it with one hand, by repeated blows would attempt to crack it; if unsuccessful by these means, it would try to find a larger stone, which it would hold in both its hands, and rising erect on its legs, would let it fall, leaping backwards at the same time to avoid any injury to its toes. I have often watched the means it employed to obtain any small object that happened to be a little beyond its reach; if it could lay its hands upon a little switch, or slender twig of any sort, it would stretch itself out as far as its cord would allow, and continue working at the object till it got it within its reach. These operations were certainly often awkwardly performed; but they were always very interesting, from the amount of reasoning power which the little animal exhibited, and the perseverance with which its object was attained. Jerry almost always rode on the back of a large mastiff dog that accompanied us, and in this manner performed a journey of several thousand miles. These two animals were greatly attached to each other, and it was often an amusing sight to see them gambolling together. Before starting, the dog used to go every morning to the place where the little monkey was tied, and wait till it was put upon its back, and its cord made fast to his collar. In travelling, it was not at all particular as to whether its face was towards the head or tail of the charger, except in going down hill, when its face was turned forwards; and to prevent itself from slipping over the dog's head, it made use of its long prehensile tail as a crupper, by coiling the extremity round the root of that of the dog. I had determined to bring Jerry with me to England; but in taking it with me to the Organ Mountains, after my arrival at Rio de Janeiro, much to my grief, it disappeared one night, and was never afterwards heard of; it was stolen, I have no doubt, by one of the slaves, and sold somewhere for a mere trifle.

Another striking object in the natural history of the country is the tribe of

BATS.

For several nights before we reached this place (Arrayas) the horses were greatly annoyed by bats, which are very numerous on this Serra, where they inhabit the caves in the limestone rocks: during the night we remained at Riachao, the whole of my troop suffered more from their attacks than they had done before on any previous occasion. All exhibited one or more streams of clotted blood on their shoulders and backs, which had run from the wounds made by these animals, and from which they had sucked their fill of blood: when a small sore exists on the back of a horse they always prefer making their incision in that place. The owner of the house where we stopped informed me that he was not able to rear cattle here on account of the destruction made by the bats among the calves, so that he was obliged to keep them at a considerable distance in a lower part of the country; even the pigs did not escape their attacks. The singular creatures which are productive of so much annoyance constitute the genus *Phyllostoma*, so named from the leaf-like appendage attached to their upper lip; they are peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Paraguay and the Isthmus of Darien. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction, and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged; these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood both from man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires, of which various travellers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the new world. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre bat are of the most carnivorous character, the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood; but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, mules, pigs, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, I am led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp hooked nail of its thumb; and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue. That these bats attack man, as well as animals, is certain; for I have frequently been shewn the scars of their punctures in the toes of many who had suffered from their attacks, but I never met with a recent case. They grow to a large size, and I have killed some that measure two feet between the tips of the wings.

We conclude with

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ANT-EATER.

In passing through a wooded Campo (Taboleira coberta) we came upon a large ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*), which Mr. Walker followed with the intention of shooting, but his gun missed fire. We all pursued it on foot with sticks, as none of our guns happened to be loaded. I was the first to come up with it, and being well aware of the harmless nature of its mouth, I seized it by its long snout, by which I tried to hold it, when it immediately rose up on its hind legs, and, claspings me round the middle with its powerful fore paws, completely brought me to a stand. One of the men now coming up, struck it a blow on the head with a thick stick, which brought it for an instant to the ground. Notwithstanding it was frequently stunned by the blows it received, it always raised itself again and ran off. At last I recollected the small pistols which I always carried in my jacket pocket, loaded with ball, when by the first shot through the breast it fell dead. It was a very large animal, measuring about six feet without including the tail, which, together with the long hair by which it is covered, measured full four more. It ran very slowly, owing to the peculiar organization of its fore feet, two of the claws of which are very large and doubled up when it walks or runs, causing one side of the foot to rest on the ground. The proper, or rather the principal use of these powerful claws is, to assist in obtaining the white-ant, the food on which it lives. The large clay nests of these insects are very common in these upland Campos; and when the ant-bear

wants a meal, he attacks one of these hillocks with his fore claws, tears out a portion of the side, and pushes in his long slender tongue, which is covered with a viscid saliva, to which myriads of the ants adhere, and opening his little mouth he draws it in; now shutting his lips, pushes it out a second time, retaining the ants in his mouth till the tongue has been completely exerted, when he swallows them."

FICTION.

Tales by a Barrister. By FREDERICK LIARDET, Esq. M.A. of Lincoln's Inn. Second Edition. 3 vols. London, 1846. C. Edmonds, 154, Strand.

WE take some credit to ourselves for having drawn the attention of the public to these tales when they first issued from the press in 1844. The publication of a second edition fully justifies the favourable opinion we then gave of the work, which is not only interesting as a fiction, but abounds in useful information, on points of every-day occurrence, respecting the management and security of property; for the want of which, it is no exaggeration to say, thousands are annually plundered, if not plunged into eventual ruin. "The Trustee," which occupies part of the second volume and the whole of the third, is by far the best of these tales. We have no hesitation in saying, that no work of fiction has appeared since the days of SCOTT written in better taste than these tales, or containing such true pictures of fashionable, military, collegiate, and clerical life. We cannot resist giving one extract from "The Trustee." Shirley, the young and wealthy, but selfish and wide-awake man of fashion of the present day, is sitting with his friend, Ned Barrington, in their apartments at the hotel in Jermyn-street:—

HOW TO PAY YOUR TRADESMEN'S BILLS.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Wilcox," as that person entered the room,—"take a chair,—you have brought your bill, I suppose?" "Yes, sir, I have, as you desired it,—but in no sort of hurry for the payment. We can let it stand over for the present, if you please, sir," said the very civil-looking tradesman, presenting the document in question. Shirley received the bill, and went very deliberately through all the items, marking several as he proceeded with his pencil,—a proceeding which seemed any thing but gratifying to Mr. Wilcox. He then added up the sum, and pronounced the addition to be correct. "327l. 13s." said Shirley, addressing himself to the tradesman. "Precisely so, sir," answered the latter; "but the thirteen shillings we shall take off." "And a good deal more too, Mr. Wilcox, before we have done," added the cool-looking Shirley. "First of all," continued he, "we agreed that the *epergne* should be 37l.—in the bill it is 42l." "Why, yes, sir," said Wilcox, taken considerably aback, and surveying his hat as he turned it round and round in his hands as if it had been the *epergne* itself, "we did agree for thirty-seven to be sure,—there's no denying that,—but you see, sir, I spoke without reckoning at the time; and I assure you, sir, it cost me nearly what I have charged." "Dare say it did," returned the immovable Shirley,—"but the point is not what it cost, but what we agreed for." "Well, sir, if you insist upon it," replied the chagrined-looking tradesman, "of course it must be thirty-seven."

After a similar and not more agreeable refresher to the memory of Mr. Wilcox, touching the difference between eight and sixpence per ounce charged, and eight shillings agreed, Shirley proceeds:—

"That leaves just 314l. 3s. instead of 327l. 13s. I believe that is correct, Mr. Wilcox?" "Why, yes, sir, that is, I believe, the precise amount if you insist upon the reductions." "In other words, keeping to our agreement," observed Shirley,—"I like calling things by their right names." "Well, sir, as you please," said Mr. Wilcox, "and if you will give me a cheque for the amount I shall feel much obliged." "Stop a little, my good sir,—we have not got quite so far as that," observed Shirley,—"there is another little preliminary matter to be settled first; I mean the amount of discount." "Dis-

count!" repeated Wilcox, in dismay,—"discount upon a bill cut down as that has been! You are not serious in that, sir,—you would not ask for discount on such a bill as that, sir,—I can't afford it, sir,—indeed I can't." "As you please, Mr. Wilcox, only if there is no discount, I shall not pay the bill for these two years." "Not pay for these two years?" repeated Wilcox. "No, sir,—without discount I shall take the same credit as your other customers, and I know very well what that is," answered Shirley. "It is all the same to me whether I pay now with a discount, or whether I retain the interest of the money for the next two years;—but you may rely upon it, I am not going to pay ready money without a discount, when you are too happy to get your money from other people at the end of three or four years;—but the matter rests with yourself, you may take the money or not, as you like." The man of trade, experienced in such matters, saw at once from Shirley's determination, that he had nothing more to gain from his obdurate customer, and said that as he was in want of money to meet a bill he would allow a discount of five per cent. "Ten, you mean," said Shirley. "Ten!" echoed Mr. Wilcox, "ten per cent." "Yes," answered Shirley, "I know perfectly well it is a common thing." "Yes, sir," said Wilcox, "when a tradesman charges his own prices,—but not upon work done upon an estimate. I couldn't afford it, sir,—indeed, I couldn't. If it had not been for the agreement, I should have charged ten per cent. more than I have done." "Well," said Shirley, "there may be some reason in that, so we will take the discount at only five per cent.—that will be on 314l. 3s. just 15l. 14s. or, to leave things in round numbers, we will say 14l. 3s. so that I have to give you a cheque for 300l."

We must add Shirley's reasons and comments upon his own proceeding.

"And yet I wonder," said Edward, "that with such a magnificent income as you have, you should take all this trouble to save, what is to you, no great sum after all." "No great sum!" repeated Shirley. "Why, man, it is nearly ten per cent.; and let me tell you, such a per centage on my income would exceed the full pay of half-a-dozen captains, the stipend of fifteen curates, or half the income of a tolerably good deanery. No great sum! why, it would suffice to make me president of a dozen first-rate London charities, and get my name up as a moral and religious character of the first water,—the missionaries would canonize me, and sing hymns in praise of my beatitude,—for a tithe of the sum, the Reform Association would pronounce me a pattern of purity and patriotism,—and the Carlton would vote me the pink of conservatism, and the very champion of the constitution. Tomorrow, when I take you where I promised, you shall mark what homage men pay to Richard Shirley;—nay, to-night, you shall see me gain the suffrages and smiles of beauty, while fellows with goodlier persons and brighter wits will shrink from competing with me. But do you think I am ignorant that all this is paid to Richard Shirley as the possessor of eight thousand good English acres, and the heir expectant of as many more,—and that, without them, the said Richard Shirley would make a much worse figure than many a good fellow who now thinks himself honoured with his notice? Knowledge, they say, is power. In England they would be nearer the mark, if they would substitute *money* for knowledge. With us it is the representative of virtue as well as power,—of all, in short, that is worth possessing. Its saving worth extends even to health and life; for both are often preserved by its means, and lost for the want of them. And with this conviction, I look upon every increase of income as important, and beneath no man's notice, except ——" "Except whose?" asked Ned. "A fool's," replied Shirley. "And now, Ned, I think the carriage is at the door, and I want you to come and give me your opinion of a horse I saw yesterday at Tattersall's."

Father Eustace. A Novel. In 3 vols. By Mrs. TROLLOPE.

BEHOLD the Female Quixotte of the nineteenth century once again in her vocation, tilting at the giants and dragons that go up and down upon the earth, seeking whom they may devour; and, it must be confessed, like

the famous Don, not unfrequently falling foul of a wind-mill or a flock of sheep. This present enterprise is directed against that imaginary monster, the Jesuit—that incarnation of Belial, as a class of fiction-mongers in France and England love to paint him; a *beau idéal* of the union of the profoundest wisdom with the most accomplished manners and unbounded wickedness. To write up to this ideal is Mrs. TROLLOPE's endeavour in *Father Eustace*; of course with the benevolent intention thereby to write down the professors of the faith he so zealously promulgates. They who remember with what unction this authoress assailed the Evangelical party in a similar novel—how she revelled in her spites—how heartily she wielded her unsparing satire—with what vigour she spat about her venom at those who differed from her particular notions of orthodoxy—will readily understand the *gout* with which she advances to the other *Doxy* that differs also from her own, and how she throws herself body and soul into the work of exaggeration and misrepresentation, and all the poisoned weapons which she so unscrupulously employs when her purpose is to destroy a reputation.

That the bad work is ably done cannot be denied. Mrs. TROLLOPE's powers of mischief have been proved beyond question. Her pencil, of course, is always vigorous, and, when not stirred by the bile which is a part of her nature, it is admirably truthful. And there is an attractiveness in her writings, the result, probably, of the energy and heartiness that is in them—the preference everybody feels for realities over shams and affectations. We dislike the writer, but still we read to the end; we loathe the spirit, but we are spell-bound by the manner of its manifestation; we shake our heads, but we finish the volume.

And as it has been with its predecessors of the same school, so will it be with *Father Eustace*. Everybody will abuse, and everybody will read it. Critics will condemn, but librarians will buy, and their customers will borrow. In such case, the best that can be done by the literary journalist is to warn his readers against permitting themselves to be influenced in their opinions of an entire sect by the portrait which an avowed enemy has painted of an imaginary individual, with an avowed purpose of vilifying a sect. The Jesuits may be as cunning and as clever as they are reputed, but it is not in our experience of human nature that they should be all as black at heart as Mrs. TROLLOPE, taking her cue from a French-school novelist, has sought to represent them. All sects have their proportion of scoundrels as well as of good and sincere men; and to judge the whole body by the defects of one or two of its members, shews equal ignorance and uncharitableness. We will not attempt an analysis of the plot of *Father Eustace*, but to these general observations we append a single passage in Mrs. TROLLOPE's peculiar manner.

ARISTOCRACY IN THE COUNTRY.

A very slight sketch of one or two scenes which passed afterwards, will suffice to shew that the neighbourhood with which the long-secluded Lady Sarah and her young daughter were about to mix, in the hope of finding a great deal of social enjoyment, was not very likely to answer their expectations. In order to give fitting precedence to rank, our first visit shall be made to the boudoir of the Dowager Countess of Setterton, in which small, untidy—not to say dirty—little apartment, it was the custom of this noble lady and her daughters to take their morning meal. "So, girls," was her salutation to the young ladies as she entered it, "I have made you wait, I suppose; but I could not come to breakfast till I had looked after the crape that I am dying pink for your ball-dresses. They will be beautiful, I promise you. And I promise you, into the bargain, that you will have nothing else for the races." "I wish to Heaven, ma'am," said Lady Margaret, "that if you will do such dirty jobs, you would not talk of them." "Fiddle de dee!" returned her noble mother; "I have told you a thousand times over, and now I tell you again, that our rank

is a great deal too high to make it signify the least in the world what dirty jobs we do. If Madame Rowhead—Rowley—what is her horrid name?—were she to set up a dying concern like mine, I might confess, perhaps, that it would be *raison de plus* for calling her a monster. But a duke's daughter and an earl's widow may do a vast number of things with impunity—your ladyship may take my word for it—that the blowsy relict of a cotton-spinner had better let alone. You must go to this ball; you must be well dressed. No, I don't mean that, either; well dressed you can never be, till after you get married: but you may, and you must look beautiful and gay; but the ways and means, my dears, must be left to me." The two nobly-born young beauties exchanged looks of immense disgust, unseen by their bustling mamma, who was occupied in making tea for their breakfast. This done, and the three ladies being seated round the little table on which the particularly uncomfortable repast was spread, Lady Setterton said, "Now, then, as I must sit still for a few minutes, let me hear your opinion of these Cuthbert Castle people." "What do you think of Miss de Morley, girls, by way of a beauty?" "I think, ma'am, that no living being but yourself would ever think of calling her a beauty," replied Lady Margaret, applying, from habit, her glass to her eye, in order to assist her in finding the knife which lay on the plate before her. "That is, because you are jealous of her, my dear," replied her mother; "which is great nonsense. For though she is quite perfect in her own particular style of beauty, you know, as well as I do, that she cannot be compared to either of you. Of course, she wants the *air noble*. She has blood on one side, I know; but that won't do—one always sees the difference. So you need not trouble yourselves with any fears of rivalry. She never can rival my daughters. But tell me, how do you like her, and how do you like her mother?" "As to her mother," cried Lady Louisa, "I consider her as almost quite an old woman; and I never do pay any attention to old women." "And as to the girl," added Lady Margaret, "she is not only, as you truly say, most completely *mauvais ton*, but one of the most odiously conceited and disagreeable creatures I ever met with, into the bargain." The dowager countess clapped her hands, and cried, "Bravo! that is honest and sincere, to say the least of it; and, that I may follow so good an example, I will not pretend to say that I feel inclined to like either of them at all more than you seem to do." And then, setting down the teakettle, she added, with a pleasant smile at her own wit, "At any rate, we obey the Scriptures on this subject; for nobody can deny that we are of one mind in a house."

Mrs. Perkins's Ball. By M. A. TITMARSH. London: Chapman and Hall.

AFTER all, this is the best of the Christmas books; the most amusing—the most genuine—the most laughter-provoking—the most seasonable. It was not sent to us with the others, and chance only made us acquainted with its merits. A broad quiz from beginning to end, it is so good tempered withal that even those to whom the ridicule applies will but join in the roar, and applaud as vigorously as the rest. So happily are the absurdities of society hit off—so manifestly are the characters such as one sees in every drawing-room—it is impossible not to feel that the fun is fairly produced, that the follies are fit themes for satire, that TITMARSH has been entirely successful in his aim, and that *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* is a book which, while provoking irresistible peals of laughter, conceals under its merriment much matter to fill the mind and exercise the thoughts. It is one of the few books that are at once merry and wise. Of extract a dozen columns might be made. We take but two or three, as the volume itself is but small, and should be read by everybody.

Among Mrs. Perkins's distinguished guests is

THE OFFICIAL GENTLEMAN.

This is Miss Ranville Ranville's brother, Mr. Ranville Ranville, of the Foreign Office, faithfully designed as he was playing at whist in the card-room. Talleyrand used to play at whist at the Travellers', that is why Ranville

indulges in that diplomatic recreation. It is not his fault if he be not the greatest man in the room. If you speak to him he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables: he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. He was the first at school, and distinguished at Oxford. He is growing prematurely bald now, like Canning, and is quite proud of it. He rides in St. James's Park of a morning before breakfast. He docketts his tailors' bills, and nicks off his dinner notes in diplomatic paragraphs, and keeps *précis* of them all. If he ever makes a joke it is a quotation from Horace, like Sir Robert Peel. The only relaxation he permits himself, is to read Thucydides in the holidays. Everybody asks him out to dinner on account of his brass buttons with the Queen's cipher, and to have the air of being well with the Foreign Office. "Where I dine," he says solemnly, "I think it is my duty to go to evening parties." That is why he is here. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he goes home to bed. I think it is in his brains. He is such an ass and so respectable, that one wonders he has not succeeded in the world; and yet somehow they laugh at him; and you and I shall be ministers as soon as he will.

And

A PAIR OF POETS.

It is worth twopence to see Miss Bunion and Poseidon Hicks, the great poet, conversing with one another, and to talk of one to the other afterwards. How they hate each other! I (in my wicked way) have sent Hicks almost raving mad, by praising Bunion to him in confidence; and you can drive Bunion out of the room by a few judicious panegyrics of Hicks. Hicks first burst upon the astonished world with *Poems*, in the Byronic manner: "The Death-Shriek," "The Bastard of Lara," "The Atabal," "The Fire-Ship of Botzaria," and other works. His "Love-Lays," in Mr. Moore's early style, were pronounced to be wonderfully precocious for a young gentleman then only thirteen, and in a commercial academy at Tooting. Subsequently, this great bard became less passionate and more thoughtful; and, at the age of twenty, wrote "Idiosyncrasy" (in 40 books, 4to.); "Ararat," "a stupendous epic," as the reviews said; and "The Megatheria," "a magnificent contribution to our pre-Adamite literature," according to the same authorities. Not having read these works, it would ill become me to judge of them; but I know that poor Jingle, the publisher, always attributed his insolvency to the latter epic, which was magnificently printed in elephant folio. Hicks has now taken a classical turn, and has brought out "Poseidon," "Iacchus," "Hephæstus;" and I dare say is going through the mythology. But I should not like to try him at a passage of the Greek *Delectus* any more than twenty thousand others of us who have had the advantage of a "classical education." Hicks was taken in an inspired attitude, regarding the chandelier, and pretending he didn't know that Miss Pettifer was looking at him. Her name is Anna Maria (daughter of Higgs and Pettifer, Solicitors, Bedford-row), but Hicks calls her "Ianthé," in his album verses, and is himself an eminent drysalter in the city.

We conclude with the capital sketch of

MR. MINCHIN, THE BARRISTER.

Looking into the hall, I saw a gentleman taking off his clogs there, whilst Sir Giles Bacon's big footman was looking on with rather a contemptuous air. "What name shall I enounce?" says he, with a wink at Gregory on the stair. The gentleman in clogs said, with quiet dignity, "Mr. Frederick Minchin." "Pump-court, Temple," is printed on his cards in very small type, and he is a rising barrister of the Western Circuit. He is to be found at home of mornings; afterwards at "Westminster," as you read on his back door. "Binks and Minchin's Reports" are probably known to my legal friends: this is the Minchin in question. He is decidedly genteel, and is rather in request at the balls of the judges' and Serjeants' ladies, for he dances irreproachably, and goes out to dinner as much as ever he can. He mostly dines at the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs, of which you can easily see by his appearance that he is a member; he takes the joint and his half-pint of wine, for Minchin does everything like a gentleman. He is rather of a literary turn; still makes Latin verses with some

neatness; and before he was called, was remarkably fond of the flute. When Mr. Minchin goes out in the evening, his clerk brings his bag to the club, to dress; and if it is at all muddy, he turns up his trowsers, so that he may come in without a speck. For such a party as this he will have new gloves; otherwise Frederic, his clerk, is chiefly employed in cleaning them with India-rubber. He has a number of pleasant stories about the circuit and the university, which he tells with a simper to his neighbour at dinner; and has always the last joke of Mr. Baron Maule. He has a private fortune of five thousand pounds; he is a dutiful son; he has a sister married, in Harley-street; and Lady Jane Ranville has the best opinion of him, and says he is a most excellent and highly-principled young man.

POETRY.

Elegy to Napoleon. By R. H. WILLIAMS, Esq. London. Published for the Author.

Laurels and Flowers. By M. E. J. S. London, Smith, Elder and Co.

Ballads of the East. London. Longman and Co.

The Curse upon Canaan. Cambridge. University Press.

Sacred Poems. By GEORGE CALTHROP. London. Bartlett.

WHERE are the poets? and the publishers answer, "We cannot tell." Neither can we. We look for them as eagerly as in our boyish days we looked for the summer sunshine—but they come not. Where are the rhymers? and the publishers answer, "Here they are," and forthwith a shadowy host of rhymers jostle together on our table. Really, gentlemen, though ye come in all kinds of outward pomp, in cloth and silk, crimson and azure, and emerald and golden, we cannot be so civil as to give ye welcome. It is often charitable to denounce when it would be unchristian to despise, and so we never spare the literary counterfeit when mercy to him would be injustice to the public. On the other hand, it must be remembered that we never seek to crush genius when we perceive it, though it be incrustated in all the errors of an imperfect education. But for the recent scurrilous attacks on NAPOLEON, Mr. WILLIAMS declares that his *Elegy* would not have been published. Now one of the evils of the said scurrilous attack has been the calling forth of Mr. WILLIAMS's poem. NAPOLEON might have hesitated to become a hero if he had known that his heroism would be left to the justification of Mr. WILLIAMS. There is a ludicrous dissimilarity between the hero and the poet. The victories of the one make us grave, the elegy of the other makes us smile. This elegy is a privileged elegy; it stands without the pale of criticism. To criticise it would be to prove its worth, when, indeed, it is worthless. Mr. WILLIAMS is on good terms with himself. He talks more than once of his epic verse. Of the denouncers of NAPOLEON, he says,

Such mean opponents are beneath dispraise,
Below thy notice, and my *epic* lays.

Again—

Let poetaster's tune their doggerel rhyme,
And broken numbers in discordance chime.

Mr. WILLIAMS was unfortunate in reminding us of the "broken numbers," it so provokingly reminds us of himself. We assure our readers that the following lines are from the elegy of Mr. WILLIAMS, and not from the rhymers whose "discordance" he so amusingly pictures:—

To defend inviolably Napoleon's laws,
And guard his interest in the general cause.

Three short months only would have sufficed to gain
The soie possession of his wide domain.

To this edict his brother Nick agreed
And to his uttermost wishes did succeed.
A cowardly incendiary was sent to burn the town,
And fiend-like spread his desolation round.

The cankered limbs and bastard scions destroy,
To prevent contamination and alloy.

If our readers have come safely over these rugged lines, they will be the better pleased to hear of the laurels and flowers which come next. *Laurels and Flowers* belong to the respectable class of poems, but the laurels are not always green, nor the flowers always blooming. Occasionally a sprig of the laurel, or one of the flowers, would adorn the corner of a newspaper, but to bundle so many of them in a book is not wise. Our author's writing would be a pretty episode in the literature of a town, but in the literature of the world it makes no figure. The world is very exacting; it demands a mighty quantity of heart and brain before it will be satisfied. It demands more than the author of *Laurels and Flowers* has given—more, we believe, than he can give. It is fortunate for poets that the material is not always equal to the demand. If it were so, M. E. J. S. would do wisely in quitting the muse; but as it is not so, he may still continue in the path of laurels and flowers, but he must labour more, revise more, and think more, before the world will be moved to smile on his poetry.

Ballads of the East are too cumbrous in their construction. A ballad should have the grace of Ariel; it has no sympathy with the brawn of Ajax. The Scotch ballad, which is the most flexible, would be the best model for the author of *Ballads of the East*.

For *The Curse of Canaan*, a Seatonian poem, we are indebted to the Rev. THOMAS SEATON, M.A. Fellow of Clare Hall, who bequeathed to the university the rents of the Kislbury estate, which produces 40*l.* per annum. This sum is yearly given to the Master of Arts who shall write the best English poem on a sacred subject. Now, it happens that the best Master of Arts may be, and often is, a miserable poet, and therefore the gift stands thus in relation to literature, that every year it calls forth a poem, when, perhaps, only once in a century it calls forth a poet. Poetry is not a jaded hack, to be spurred into action by 40*l.* As a formal composition, we give the Rev. R. W. ESSINGTON praise for his prize poem, *The Curse upon Canaan*. The Master of Arts understands the art of mastering the difficulties which lie in the way of lucid and graceful versification. Aye, more; the reverend author, if not a poet, has nearly escaped the honour of being one. We must justify the assertion by an extract.

So he that should have perished in his prime
Knew not at once the punishment of crime.
Nor did the curse, which o'er him ever hung,
Check the wild babblings of his boyish tongue;
Heir of a dauntless heart, and hardy frame,
Which nothing knew of sickness save the name.
'Twas his to sweep along with flowing reins,
O'er the crushed grass of aromatic plains:
For him the camel toiled, for him the steer
Bore the rich burden of the teeming year.
And well, I ween on that auspicious day,
When with soft dances, and the nuptial lay,
He deeply loved, and, deeply loving, led
His willing mistress to the bridal bed,
The sunniest hope, and most abiding joy,
Smiled on the dwelling of the stricken boy.

Sacred Poetry is the next and last book on our present list. No one will mistake the title, but to us the genuineness of poetry, and not the subject of it, constitutes its sacredness. We have seen much sectarian bitterness, and the most despicable verse under the shelter of a sacred name. Mr. CALTHROP does not borrow a title for this purpose. His poetry is as free as it can well be from dogma, and it is sufficiently good to be read with profit.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The periodicals of the month claim a passing notice. The Quarterlies first, as becomes their dignity.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review for January is rich in pleasant reading. It opens with an article on "the Revelations of the Telescope," a succinct summary of the magnificent additions to our knowledge of the heavens which have been made by recent investigators, with the help of improved instruments. "Greece and the Homeric Poems" are the theme of the second paper. "British Ferns" is another of those contributions, at once so attractive and instructive, for which the *Westminster*, under its late management, has been famous, as once it was for abstruseness and dryness. It is, moreover, lavishly illustrated. This is followed by a review, written in a congenial spirit, of "CARLYLE'S Life of CROMWELL," and another of "the Camp and the Barrack Room," so favourably noticed in these columns on its first appearance. An elaborate, suggestive, and valuable essay on "the Law of Bankruptcy and Insolvency," will be read with the attention it deserves, as it evidently proceeds from one who has mastered the subject. "Some Recent Travels in Lycia" are next noticed; and then there is a temperate paper on "the Spanish Marriages." So ends the British review. The Foreign Department contains notices of "the Countess HAHN HAHN's last novels," "GUTZKOW's Letters from Paris," "VON LISTROW's works," and a variety of literary intelligence from other countries.

The Archaeological Journal for December is so rich in illustrations that it might almost be classed under the department of Art. The principal papers are by the Rev. C. H. HARTSHORNE, "on some Anomalies observable in the earlier styles of English Architecture;" "an account of Stanton Lacy Church, near Ludlow;" "an essay on some perforations in the walls of churches;" some curious details relative to "the Castle and Parliaments of Northampton;" a delightful bit of antiquarian lore by Mr. ALBERT WAY, illustrative of "Domestic Customs during the Middle Ages;" and "Observations on the Wait Service." To these are added original documents, archaeological intelligence, and other miscellaneous matter, very interesting to all who love that class of literature.

The Church of England Quarterly Review for January fully sustains its reputation as a literary, as well as a theological work. Both are mingled with great judgment, so that the reader enjoys each in its turn. A very learned paper on "Languages and Alphabets" opens this number; then follows a review of Mrs. ANDERSON'S "Practical Religion Exemplified," a sort of biography of much interest. Turning to history, we are next presented with an amusing notice of Mr. AMOS'S "Great Oyer of Poisoning." Then there is a tasteful paper, full of just appreciation of art and its principles, on "Ecclesiastical Architecture." Dr. WIGAN'S "Duality of the Mind" is examined and somewhat severely handled. "The Life and Writings of Dr. James Johnson" are the subject of a pleasant paper. "Church Legislators" deals with the politics of the Establishment. Mr. MONTGOMERY MARTIN'S "China and the Chinese" is noticed at some length, and "Dr. Davidson's Ecclesiastical History" appropriately closes the more elaborate articles, to which many brief notices of books are appended.

The Dublin University Magazine for January opens the new year in great strength. First, in fiction, we have the commencement of a promising tale entitled "The Pearl of the Bosphorus," and a very humorous one called "Rogue and Rapparee." In general literature there are, first, an essay on "The Occult Sciences," very curious, and displaying great research; secondly, "Remarkable Female Criminals, the Poisoners of the

present century," and a continuation of the amusing "Recollections of the Burschenschaft of Germany." Among the books reviewed at length are "Leigh Hunt's Wit and Humour;" "The National Library for Ireland;" "W. Monckton Milne's Poems;" "M'Kinnon's History of Civilization;" and "The Christmas Books." The political article for the month is "The Condition of Ireland Question;" and Mr. E. BUNTING is the subject for "The Portrait Gallery of the Month." The memoir is accompanied by an admirable outline engraving of the poet.

Dolman's Magazine for January, the literary organ of the Roman Catholics, is worthy of the class from which it emanates. The articles are, for the most part, very ably written, and very various in their subjects.

The People's Journal for December worthily brings up the year, and promises well for the opening of a new volume. The contents are particularly attractive, the wood-cuts are admirable, especially the "Music Party." We are sorry to see that differences have arisen between Mr. HOWITT and Mr. SAUNDERS, the proprietors of this flourishing periodical, and that the former has announced a rival journal. We refrain from comment upon the whole affair until it is properly brought under notice of the award of the arbitrators to whom the dispute has been deferred.

Mores Catholici.—Part 26 is a continuation of a work that would appear to rival in length the fathers from which so much of its pages have been taken.

From America we have received two numbers of a periodical called *Godey's Lady's Book*, richly adorned with engravings, and containing some excellent tales and poetry, and altogether got up in such a manner as to recommend itself to those to whom it is addressed.

From Scotland we have received some numbers of a local periodical called *The Renfrewshire Magazine*, a very creditable production of a country town, and containing many articles that BLACKWOOD himself might not be ashamed to boast.

The Eclectic Review for January abounds in ability: nervous, thoughtful writing is the characteristic of its pages. A review of the life and labours of CLARKSON opens the number, followed by a notice of "Marston," an essay on the "Doctrine of Future Punishment," a memoir of Madame D'ARLAY, and an interesting paper on the Free Trade Movement in France. To these there are added contributions on loftier themes, full of thought, and suggesting much that will deserve the attention of the legislator and the statesman, namely, on "The Progress of Crime," and on "National Education." This is undoubtedly one of the ablest of the reviews.

Sharpe's London Magazine for January is remarkable for its wood-cut illustrations, which are in the first style of art, and really remarkable productions. The contents are various in their character, comprising essay, tale, and poetry, but all well selected, and the work is beautifully printed.

Reynold's Miscellany, Part 2, contains the usual variety of romance and poetry found in the penny sheets, of which this is one, and certainly among the best.

The Family Herald for December is wonderful for the quantity of translation, extract, and original contributions it presents for so small a price, and it very wisely eschews bad wood-cuts.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Reisen in Dänemark. Von J. G. KOHL. Leipsic: 1846.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE return to Mr. KOHL's prolix account of his travels in Denmark, for the purpose of laying some further extracts before our readers. It is quite evident that Mr. KOHL travels to make a book; and he is growing well

versed in the manufacture of that article. The volumes he has laid before the world number more than two score, and he has not done yet. He is undoubtedly an acute observer of men and manners; and in walking through a museum, can jot down notes with laudable rapidity, and tolerable accuracy. But, after all, he only sees the surfaces of things; and how often a peregrinator of this stamp may be mistaken his volumes on Great Britain testify. To fill up the pages from cover to cover, he has recourse to all sorts of expedients for accomplishing that process, which is the reverse of compression, and from long experience he is quite an adept in beating out his matter, and spinning long threads of verbosity. He introduces rambling dissertations on art and morals, antiquities, and ethnology. Nay, for fear a good idea should be overlooked in the ardour of perusal, he runs all risks and repeats it; and as if that were not enough, he repeats it again. Well, we must take him as we find him, like the rest of the world. There are portions of his work that are well worth perusal, for Denmark is a country that is interesting on many accounts to the English. The greater part of the second volume is occupied by a description of Copenhagen and its environs. Perhaps it is because there is really so little to see there compared with other capital cities, that he enlarges so much on the works of art. We have already given the chapter on the THORWALDSEN Museum, and we now give those on the collections of pictures and the Royal Library.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF COPENHAGEN.

The Netherland painters, at least the Dutch masters, were chiefly Protestants, and therefore their services were less devoted to the church than the Roman Catholic Italians. Fresco painting was not cultivated to the same degree as in Italy. A great number of the finest works have been fixed in Italy to places whence they cannot be removed, in churches and palaces, and to be seen, the country itself must be visited; but the works of the Netherland artists, their fruit and flower pieces, landscape portraits and historical pictures, are much more readily transported from place to place. Hence we may understand why Italian paintings are scarce in galleries out of Italy, in comparison with the abundant wealth of that country; whilst, on the other hand, so many foreign galleries are richly stored with the Dutch and Flemish masters, and the land where they flourished has by no means retained any superfluity of their works. At Petersburg, Dresden, and Berlin, the Netherland school is represented by a great number of pictures, and in every private gallery of England it decidedly predominates. This may be accounted for, partly on the ground of common tastes, derived from a common origin, and partly because an intimate commercial intercourse with the Low Countries has naturally led to the distribution of their pictures. It is to be remarked, that from the beginning there was a larger dealing in pictures, by the artists themselves, in the Low Countries than in Italy. The Italian painters had commissions from their popes, doges, dukes, and princes, but the Netherland artists were chiefly Republicans, and brought their works to market without patrons.

These considerations again pressed themselves on my attention at Copenhagen, for the Netherland masters are by far the most numerous, not only in the royal gallery in the Christiansburg Castle, but in the private collections also. In the former there are nearly four hundred Dutch and Italian pictures, whilst the Italian, Spanish, and French paintings do not altogether exceed eighty. Among them are to be found some very remarkable works, especially landscapes and sea pieces. The predilection of the Danes for woods, green landscapes, and sea views is very apparent. It has been said that painters should properly only represent the objects of their own country, and it may be asserted that nations should collect only things which relate to themselves, for it is only such that are intelligible to the people, and are able to excite their interest. Many of the pictures to be found here have made an indelible impression upon me, and I will now mention some of them.

One of the finest and most perfect landscapes I ever beheld

is one by the Dutch artist Jan Both, which is hung here. It is a tolerably large picture. A tall rock stands on the right of the foreground, and a road winds round it into an unseen country, whither the fancy is led delighted. Upon one side of the road is a row of splendid trees, some of whose tops are almost as high as the rock on its opposite side. Behind the rock, and consequently unseen, the morning sun is shining, and pouring its rays past the dark rock into the landscape. In the middle of the picture a little brook has worn a channel in the soil, and shepherds with their flocks and herds are by the side of it. Some are in the darkness of the glen: others project their heads above the bank of the stream, and are caught by the sun's rays. The back ground shimmers in a thick and fresh mist, and represents the neighbourhood of Terni. The arrangement of objects, the execution, the distribution of light and shade, the lovely tints of the atmosphere, all these make up so fine a whole, that the view inspires one with enthusiasm, but it is impossible to convey in words the feeling it excites.

There is a Swiss landscape by Jan Van Hackaert, which is quite equal to the Both, and indeed almost excels it. Here, instead of a brook, we have a river; in place of a country road, a grand highway; in lieu of the lights of morning, we have those of evening; the tree-groups are higher and more numerous, and rocks are exchanged for a chain of distant hills. The recollection of this picture still refreshes me, but I stand by it as something which I cannot unveil to others. No painters have been so successful as the Dutch in the representation of trees. They are depicted with such faithfulness to nature, and with such beauty, so graceful and so free; whilst the landscape gardeners of the time spoil everything for an eye of taste with their cropping and straight lines, and other artificialities. The English have not given us such fine specimens of trees as the Dutch, and yet they know how to place them in their parks and gardens in the loveliest situations, where they develop their picturesque and perfect forms under careful and judicious regulations.

Whoever would experience what a high degree of pleasure even a painted bouquet can yield, should contemplate the charming "Blomstestykke" (flower-piece) of Jan Van Huysum, which is hung here. Finer flowers one can only see in nature, and there was never a more tastefully arranged nosegay in the hands of the Graces themselves. A white rose occupies the centre, and from this point to the outermost border there is a play of colours in gentle and delightful changes and shades. It is a fine, large, full bouquet, in which the flowers are put together without formality. There are some insects judiciously introduced, but not such a Noah's ark of spiders, butterflies, chaffers, caterpillars, and lizards, with which the flower-painters often cover their nosegays. I was told, and I can well believe it, that Napoleon wished to become the owner of this picture. It was offered for sale at an auction in Paris, and purchased by a private gentleman for 60,000 thalers: a price Napoleon considered too high. The purchaser afterwards became bankrupt, and, on the sale of his effects, the picture was purchased for the Royal Gallery at Copenhagen. The white rose in the centre of the bouquet has been repeated by Van Huysum almost as often as the white horse in Wourverman's battle-pieces, the white fowl in the poultry groups of Hondecoeter, the white foaming waterfall in Raysdael's landscapes; the lamp or candle in almost all Schalken's pictures; or the light from the body of the baby-Christ in the "Holy Families" of the historical painters.

There is a picture by Jan Victors, the figures of which still stand before me as vividly as if I had some where or other witnessed a scene of which they were real beings. It represents Ruth as she gleaned in the presence of Boaz, with the gathered ears in her apron, and the benevolent master of the house said unto her, "At mealtime come thou hither and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." The worthy, kind-hearted old Boaz, the young, pretty, and timid maiden, with the ears of corn that had cost her so much trouble to gather, are excellent. Still better, and more life-like, are the harvest labourers, men and women, who sit at table busied in refreshing themselves with the food placed upon it. Every one of the faces has been a study from life. One man is drawing beer from a barrel; another pours vinegar into the cups. Most of them do not trouble themselves with what is going on between their master and the strange maiden. There is no room for

curiosity in the presence of the important business they have in hand. Only one of them, who has stood up to reach some bread, looks across the table at the girl; yet one can scarcely learn from his countenance what sort of an impression she makes upon him. Respect for his master keeps his features unmoved. All the figures have the appearance of persons whom Victors had daily in his sight. Ruth is attired like a poor but honest Dutch girl, of about the middle of the seventeenth century, when Victors lived. The Netherland artists are more national than those of other nations. They have never been afraid to perpetrate any number of anachronisms in their pictures; and have troubled themselves very little about costume, locality, and chronology, with respect to which modern artists are anxiously particular. When an artist now-a-days undertakes a scene out of the Old Testament, if he has not been himself to the East, he has, however, taken the pains to read travels and historical works. Ruth, Hagar, Sarah, &c. are depicted as true Arabians, with dark complexion, glowing eyes and jet black locks. No painter, however great his genius, would now venture to model his nymphs and graces as Rubens did from the Dutch peasant girls; or his Junos and Minervas from the vulgar women of Antwerp. There is a picture here of John preaching in the Wilderness, by Joachim Utewael. The Arabian wilderness is figured by a pretty Dutch wood; and the listeners are not Bedouins from the waste, Jewish Pharisees, and the like; but persons of the sixteenth century, knights on horseback, women from Amsterdam with children on their arms, Rotterdam beggars, &c. To be sure such a picture has the effect of a moral discourse upon the people, and the painter wished to convey to the hearts of his contemporaries that even John preached in the wilderness. A more correct painting would have attended to the peculiarities of costume, and the circumstances of the time, and yet might have had no moral effect whatever.

As they have allotted a particular portion of the royal library to Danish writers, so here in the royal gallery have they a department for Danish painters exclusively, just as we see the French painters occupying the Luxembourg Palace at Paris. The Danish artists have almost entirely confined themselves to copies of the green beech woods of the country, and these, though so beautiful in nature, become tiresome from their frequent repetition. Everything is so monotonously green—green meadows, green trees, green light, green leaves—that one soon becomes satiated. A very few localities seem to furnish their landscape-painters with subjects. It is strange that Iceland, which is capable of affording a whole gallery of landscapes, does not contribute a single picture. It has been subjugated by Denmark upwards of four hundred years, and yet not a solitary representation do we here see of it. The French have had Algeria for only fifteen years, but they have got already a large collection of African scenes. Then again there is Jutland, with its ancient hero graves, its wild woodlands, its old farm-houses, its strange people, with only one painting.

The Danish artist I admire most is Jens Juel, who died at the commencement of this century. All the pictures by him that I have seen have been executed with remarkable attention, and are very true to nature. He had a peculiarly soft pencil, poetical and graceful. I saw portraits of him in many houses, and one in the Rangs library I admired for a long time. I was agreeably surprised to meet with him in this gallery along with his wife, in a small but highly expressive picture. A little Danish landscape, with an approaching storm, by the same artist, much interested me. It is unique and poetical; the same soft and careful manner, the same style of colouring and treatment as I had remarked in his portraits.

The most remarkable of the private collections at Copenhagen is that of Count Molthe, the present minister of finance. This collection is of pretty ancient date, having been founded in the beginning of the last century. It contains 156 choice pictures, and amongst them are found some masterpieces of the Dutch and Flemish schools. To the people of Copenhagen it is the more interesting on account of its including paintings by artists whose works are not to be found in the royal collection, and thus it is a sort of supplement to that gallery. I never call this collection to mind without thinking of a portrait of an old lady by Rembrandt, whose nose is repre-

sented in a bright light. A sunbeam is made to fall upon that feature, and being thence reflected upon the eyes and the other parts of the face, they are lit up with it to some degree as if with a lamp. The light finds its way also into the frill of the old lady's cap. There was a picture by Nicholas Poussin that interested me a good deal when I heard that Thorwaldsen was fond of it. I discovered in it something sculptural (if I may be allowed to use the expression), and in its simplicity, in the stiffness of the outlines, in the want of richness in the colouring, and in a certain hardness of manner, it is well adapted to give pleasure to a statuary. It represents Eudamides, the Corinthian, who, when on the point of death, dictated his will and committed his old mother and grown up daughter to the care of his friend. Professor Høien, in his observations on the Molthe collection, has given a history of the picture, naming its former owners, and the engravers of it. He mentions that the connoisseurs of other countries have lost sight of the painting, and, being ignorant of the works of art in Denmark, were not aware what had become of it. I have therefore thought it my duty to spread the news of its existence at Copenhagen by this notice. The Counts Molthe have patronised living artists as well as held the memory of the dead painters in honour, and they have thus contributed to the progress of the fine arts. The collection of modern paintings in their palace is very interesting and important.

THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

Of all the interesting collections of books at Copenhagen I visited only one, namely, the Royal Library, which ranks amongst the largest book collections in Europe. It contains about 400,000 volumes, a number which several other libraries have reached. The Göttingen, Vienna, Munich, and the Petersburg libraries comprise about the same number. A special division of the collection is allotted to Scandinavian literature. I was told its 60,000 volumes contain not only works written in Danish, Norwegian, and Icelandic, but foreign books relating to these countries or interesting to persons prosecuting inquiries into the cognates of their languages. The richest and completest collection of Icelandic works in the world is to be found here. The rooms where they are deposited are very elegantly ornamented, and are furnished with portraits of Danish philosophers. I have never visited a library which has so few numbers and letterings as this. Not a room, not a division has an inscription to indicate its contents. The books are not even numbered in the catalogue.

Christian III. in the middle of the sixteenth century, possessed the first royal library, the chief part of which he imported from Germany. Succeeding sovereigns increased the store, and at the end of the last century the government purchased a great many at public sales in Hamburg and other places. Italy, France, England, and other lands have contributed the works of their several presses.

I spent a very pleasant hour with a young man of learning out of Germany, who was in that department which was destined for the reception of Hindostan literature, and he was about to regulate a collection of books which the celebrated Rask brought from India. Chinese, Cingalese, Sanscrit, and Pali works were there even in greater numbers than in our libraries, and the traveller hails these Eastern volumes everywhere as a sign of the increasing intercourse of mankind, and the exchange of ideas amongst nations. Even if one does not understand a word of the languages in which the Asiatic thinkers wrote, such works as these are taken up not without a reverence as a palpable testimony that even beyond the mountains and the ocean there are men who strive and meditate. My excellent companion assured me he had obtained from the chief temple in Ceylon a complete list of the holy books of the country, and he had found, on a comparison with the Copenhagen collection, that the latter was tolerably perfect. It contains almost all the dogmatic treatises of Buddhism, the religion which prevails in Ceylon. The books are made of palm leaves, as firm and tenacious as leather, enduring a pretty rough handling. In most of them the letters are punctured in the leaves and colour rubbed into the holes; in some, however, the leaves are covered with a gold ground, upon which black letters are laid. The ants of India are very destructive to the palm-leaves, and it is with great difficulty that they can be preserved from these insects. It is thus rendered necessary to copy and re-copy perpetually,

and the result is that there are no old manuscripts in the whole country, the most ancient not dating earlier than the fifteenth century. It is not too much to say that the ants have retarded the development of the mind in Asia. Latterly they have steeped the leaves in a poisonous liquid with the view of putting a stop to the attacks of the animal, and thus many an intellect sucks the honey of science from poisoned pages. Amongst the oriental books I met with one which proved to be a translation of a German history of the Bible for children. If the intercourse of nations proceeds as heretofore, the consciousness of being a classical writer must be a great and strange sensation. For even now a man writes more than before for the whole world, and he may hope to do good to the Singalese, the Siamese, and the people of China, as well as to Europe. The books of posterity will perhaps be read at Buremputer and Hoang-ho, whilst they are criticised on the banks of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Thames.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

RARE BIRDS.—The little Auk or Sea-Dove (*Uria Alle* of Temminck):—A numerous flock of these emigrants of the feathered tribes, from the Polar regions, made their appearance on the Moray Firth last week. Although they must have endured many buffetings during their long flight, yet they were by no means exhausted, as birds of their class are when driven far from the spot where they are bred. Every stream and burn falling into the Firth was discovered to have some of the active little divers, and so careless were they of the presence of man, that in some instances they were taken alive, while others are said to have been found in the interior of houses. Wilson appears to have seen very few of them in America, yet his description is nearly as accurate as if taken from the specimens before us, which are about nine inches in length and fourteen in extent of wings; the bill, upper part of the head, back, wings, and tail, are black; upper part of the breast and round the back of the head dusky white (black in summer); the whole of the lower parts, and tips of the second wings pure white, with several bars of the same colour on the back; legs inclining to brown, and above each eye a spot of white. The beak is short and powerful—somewhat similar to that of black game, and admirably adapted for breaking up small crabs and other crustacea, its natural food, which abound in the frozen seas.

A society for the advancement of natural history has just been formed at Trieste, especial attention being paid to the zoological productions on the Adriatic. Situated on the shores of a sea abounding in fish and vertebræ of every species, Trieste is well adapted in every respect for experiments in natural history, and for a zoological museum. As a seaport Trieste has every means at its disposal for enriching its samples from foreign lands. Count O'Donel, Aulic Councillor, has been appointed president of the society. Among the other members are MM. Koch, Tomazin, Manuzzi, Lutteroth, Papoch, and Zahoni.

A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE ARCHBISHOP.—**THE CUCKOO.**—About this time twelvemonth (October), a man was hedging, and he found a live cuckoo in a robin's nest in a bank. The cuckoo was full-grown and fledged, but having filled up with its bulk the hole, in which was the nest, was unable to escape by the aperture; and the young stranger was thus condemned, for the vices of his parent, to be a prisoner for life. The foster parent was assiduous in feeding it till the time of its liberation; which, under the less skilful care of the hedger, it only survived a day or two. Its feathers had grown on it in different directions, twisted and crumpled, and reversed, according to the pressure of the dungeon.—*Tunbridge Wells.*

LIME V. RATS.—A gentleman who had occasion to use considerable lime about his premises, which had hitherto been much infested with rats, says that those destructive vermin had suddenly ceased to appear and annoy him. "Before using the lime," says he, "you could scarcely walk across the yard at night without treading on them." Around the principal holes he deposited a small portion of fresh unslacked lime, which evidently had the effect of driving them from these places, which they before resorted to in great numbers. The above is a simple and cheap method of getting rid of this annoying and destructive pest.—*Sherborne Mercury.*

METEORIC STONE.—On Christmas day, about 2 p.m. the inhabitants of Mindelthal were alarmed by a long peal of thunder. During the explosion a meteoric stone was seen falling, which imbedded itself in the frozen earth at the depth of two feet. When dug out it was found of an irregular pyramidal shape, and weighed about 14lbs.

A SHOWER OF WHITE FLIES.—On Sunday, the 6th of November, a most singular fact attracted the observation of some of the inhabitants of the eastern road settlements. About

three o'clock p.m. a shower of small white flies came drifting along, borne along on a gentle breeze from the north-west. For upwards of an hour and a half they continued to float onward in a southerly direction past a certain point, where an individual had the curiosity to watch the extraordinary flight. So that if they travelled only at the slow rate of four miles per hour, they must have reached a distance of six miles in a lineal direction. How far they extended in width the writer had no means of judging; but as far as the eye could reach the atmosphere presented an appearance similar to what it does during a violent snow squall.—*Halifax Post*.

A WILD SWAN.—In March 1845 a wild swan visited Lowry's Lake, about two miles from this city, and it having been observed that he desired to abide in that locality, the late Mr. M'Williams procured a female from a neighbouring county, and had her placed on the lake. Thus coupled, in the course of time there were four cygnets, the whole family having been regularly fed by Mr. James Wilkin, of Lakeview, up to the commencement of the late frost, when he found it impracticable. Missing her regular allowance, the female forsook her brood, and came direct to Mr. Wilkin's kitchen, where she was fed, after which an attempt was made to drive her back to the lake, but in vain—she resisted, literally rolling on her back, so that she was allowed to remain. When the thaw set in lately, the fugitive went back to her family, and on the following morning returned with the whole flock to the kitchen door, where they waited until they were fed. The wild swan never attempted to leave his mate, and has become quite domesticated.

MUSIC.

Anthems and Services for Church Choirs, Nos. IX. and X. Burns.

AN invaluable collection of the best music of that school in which England stands pre-eminent. To all interested in the cultivation of a taste for the best music in our churches, this will be the most welcome publication ever issued from the press.

THE Musical Herald, Part VIII. is the cheapest collection of music yet attempted. Here are a quantity of the best works of the best masters, at the price of a sheet of plain paper. Glees, songs, passages from operas, madrigals, waltzes, quadrilles, &c. with the addition of a great deal of useful information on music, and musical literature. It is edited by Mr. HOGARTH.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE—MILAN.—The Scala will commence the carnival season with Verdi's *Attila*; the principal parts to be sustained by Tadolini, Moriani, Marini, De Bassini, &c. After this a new opera, called *Bianca Cantarini*, by the young maestro Lauro Rossi, will be produced. For the ballet, Fanny Ellsler and Perrot are engaged. **PARIS.**—*La Damnation de Faust*, the new musical legend of Hector Berlioz, has been repeated at the Opera Comique; the slight impression it made justified our remarks on the occasion of its first performance. Madame Cinti Damoreau has returned to Paris from a professional visit to Dijon and Troyes. M. Adolphe Adam, the composer, has publicly contradicted the report that he was about to become lessee of the Theatre de la Cirque. He is at present engaged upon an opera in one act, in which M. Ponchard fils will make his debut. Liszt, the pianist, is, it is said, engaged upon some musical illustrations of the sonnets of Petrarcha; it is to be hoped that they will be less extravagant and more intelligible than his rhapsodies on Lamartine's *Harmonies Religieuses*. Remusat, the flautist, has accepted the post of second flute at the Academie. Rossini's *Robert Bruce*, which was positively to have been produced last week, has been again delayed though the indisposition of Madame Stolz. This did not, however, prevent two of the French papers from criticising its (supposed) performance, one of them praising it to the skies, the other condemning it without mercy, and particularising more than one defect in the score. The name of the latter journal is *L'Argus des Theatres*; it would seem that its hundred editorial eyes were of small utility on this occasion. Carlotta Grisi appeared for the last time, previous to her departure for Rome, on Monday, in *Le Diable à Quatre*. The charming choregraph was received with great enthusiasm. Sophie Fuoco will officiate during her absence as *premiere danseuse* at the opera. Duprez has been nominated professor of singing to the Infanta, the Duchess de Montpensier. Madame Dorus Gras is at Lille, where she has been performing with great success in Donizetti's

Lucia di Lammermoor: she has also given her assistance at a concert of Thalberg, the pianist. Molière's *Don Juan* is about to be revived at the Theatre Français, with the addition of incidental music selected from the matchless opera of Mozart. Mr. Lumley has recently concluded an engagement for Her Majesty's Theatre with M. Henri Panofka, a violinist of considerable repute. The violoncellist Servais has just returned to Paris, after a long and profitable sojourn at St. Petersburg. Madame Georges Sand's retirement from the literary world and resumption of female attire has been the cause of endless speculations among the admirers of that popular novelist, who has so long been one of the highest attractions of the Parisian circulating libraries.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The novelties everywhere introduced at Christmas still occupy the stage, and, as the spirit of Christmas has not quite evaporated, no additions can be looked for at present. Our record, therefore, is almost a blank.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—It is possible that the inclemency of the weather may prevent M. Frederic Lemaitre from arriving in London quite so soon as was anticipated, though it was hoped that he will appear in a few days. His repertoire will be one of the most remarkable ever seen in London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—From the favourable mention made by THE CRITIC of the "Penny Shakspeare" and "Penny Baladist," I was induced to take in those publications. After publishing one volume of each, and three imperfect volumes more, Mr. Moore announces that they are discontinued! I have written to him complaining of such conduct, but he has not had the courtesy to favour me with a reply. I trust, sir, that you will take such notice of this behaviour as it merits. I have not a doubt that Mr. Moore is liable to an action; but who would be so Quixotic as to inflict on the offender such costly punishment? I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER AB INITIO.

Shepton Mallet, Jan. 6, 1847.

[We lament this breach of faith on the side of the publisher; it is, however, far too common, and beyond our power to prevent or rectify.—ED. CRITIC.]

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

LOVE'S PROPHECY.

By the river side, where the rushing tide is deep and dark and narrow,
There Eros sits as the twilight flits, and sharpens his golden arrow;
His tresses long, so fanned in song, and crowned with ruby roses,
And a lily wreath entwined with heath beside his couch repose.
There is purpose high in his glancing eye, his subtle wit is working,
In the dimple sleek of his rosy cheek there is merry laughter lurking.

All silently the wind roved by, with the closing flowerets toying;
From the thicket strong upsoared the song of the nightingale unceasing.
Young Love arose from his soft repose, and while her last notes linger,
From the depths of the dell called Philomel, who perched upon his finger;
Then whispering, with folded wing, he opened his tale of malice,
While the bird drank dew of golden hue from the blue-bell's trembling chalice.

Oh, honey-throat! Oh, peerless note! My bird of charmed sorrow!
I've a task divine for this dart of mine when beams the sun to-morrow.
The subtle maze that these latter days around mankind have woven,
The web that binds so many minds shall by my shaft be cloven;
In reckless mirth the crafts of earth my sudden glance shall banish,
And far away from the face of day their treacherous schemes shall vanish.

The craft of state, by which the great delude a thousand nations,
Whose pompous train enchants the vain to empty acclamations,—
The hero-craft, whose glory-draught makes fools of sober sages,
Which History has written high in her eternal pages,
Whose only life is the fearful strife of men all noble-hearted,—
Shall find a tomb in the nether gloom, ere the morrow has departed.

And Priestcraft, too, with pallid hue, and white robes gravely sweeping,
Shall raise a hymn from its cloisters dim, where marble saints are weeping,
A hymn of hope with ill to cope, of peace and gladness welling
From the Holy Fount by Calvary's mount, to all on the wide earth dwelling.

Ay, priestly dust and martial lust shall have no place hereafter
In the song of praise; but wiser days shall treat their fame with laughter.

And the Craft of Song? A holier throng shall rouse the world from slumber,
Who never deign their lofty strain with worthless dreams t' encumber.
My Philomel! they still shall swell the song thou lovest lonely,
Not grovelling, but on mighty wing where Light is throned only;
Their task it is to paint the bliss of Heaven that shines before us;
They are the chosen harps of God; all Earth a mingling chorus.

ARTOS.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

THE CENTRAL SUN.

At the close of the last meeting (on the 14th of December) of the Royal Irish Academy, after the delivery of the very interesting antiquarian communication from Professor Warsare, of Copenhagen, and in connection with a new mathematical method of geometrically conceiving and symbolically expressing the Newtonian law of attraction, Sir Wm. Hamilton announced that he had just received from Professor Mädler, of Dorpat, the extraordinary and exciting intelligence of the presumed discovery of a central sun. Professor Mädler's essay on the subject (*Die Central Sonne*, Dorpat, 1846) was also exhibited by Sir Wm. Hamilton on the same evening to several members of the academy; but as this work may not, for some time to come, be generally known, or indeed easily procurable in this country, we believe our readers will thank us for publishing a sketch of the results which it contains, and which were briefly stated on the evening already mentioned. This course will also serve to correct any misconception on the subject which the unexpected nature of the communication, and the consequent absence of many of the members of the academy, may possibly have occasioned, or at least allowed to arise.

By an extensive and laborious comparison of the quantities and directions of the proper motions of the stars in various parts of the heavens, combined with indications afforded by the parallaxes hitherto determined, and with the theory of universal gravitation, Professor Mädler has arrived at the conclusion that the Pleiades form the central group of our whole astral or sidereal system, including the Milky Way and all the brighter stars, but exclusive of the more distant nebulae, and of the stars of which those nebulae may be composed. And within this central group itself he has been led to fix on the star Alcyone (otherwise known by the name of Eta Tauri), as occupying exactly or nearly the position of the centre of gravity, and as entitled to be called the central sun.

Assuming Bessel's parallax of the star 61 Cygni, long since remarkable for its large proper motion, to be correctly determined, Mädler proceeds to form a first approximate estimate of the distance of this central body from the planetary or solar system; and arrives at the (provisional) conclusion, that Alcyone is about thirty-four million times as far removed from us, or from our own sun, as the latter luminary is from us. It would, therefore, according to this estimation, be at least a million times as distant as the new planet, of which the theoretical or deductive discovery has been so great and beautiful a triumph of modern astronomy, and so striking a confirmation of the law of Newton. The same approximate determination of distance conduces to the result that the light of the central sun occupies more than five centuries in travelling thence to us.

The enormous orbit which our own sun, with the earth and the other planets, is thus inferred to be describing about that distant centre—not indeed under its influence alone, but by the combined attractions of all the stars which are nearer to it than we are, and which are estimated to amount to more than one hundred and seventeen millions of masses, each equal to the total mass of our own solar system, is supposed to require upwards of eighteen millions of years for its complete description, at the rate of about eight geographical miles in every second of time.

The plane of this vast orbit of the sun is judged to have an inclination of about eighty-four degrees to the ecliptic, or to the place of the annual orbit of the earth; and the longitude of the ascending node of the former orbit on the latter is concluded to be nearly 237 degrees.

The general conclusions of Mädler respecting the constitution of the whole system of the fixed stars, exclusive of the distant nebulae, are the following:—He believes that the middle is indicated by a rich group (the Pleiades), containing many considerable individual bodies, though at immense distances from us. Round this he supposes that there is a zone, proportionally poor in stars, and then a broad, rich, ring-formed layer, followed by an interval comparatively devoid of stars, and afterwards by another annular and starry space, perhaps with several alternations of the same kind, the two outmost rings composing the two parts of the Milky Way, which are confounded with each other by perspective in the portions most distant from ourselves.

Professor Mädler has acknowledged in his work his obligations, which are those of all inquirers in sidereal astronomy, to the researches of the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John. The views of Sir William Herschel respecting the relation of our solar system to the Milky Way, will naturally recur to the recollection of our readers; and while astronomers are anxiously awaiting the shortly expected appearance of the complete account of Sir John Herschel's Observations on the Southern Nebulae, the following passage of a letter, which was written in 1835 by that illustrious son of an illustrious sire, from the Cape of Good Hope to Sir William Hamilton, may be read with peculiar interest, from the agreement between the views it expresses, and some of those to which Professor Mädler has been led.

In the letter just referred to (from which an extract was published at the time), Sir John Herschel expressed himself as follows:—

"The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region, including in that expression 60 or 70 deg. of S. P. D. is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to a superior brilliancy and larger development of the Milky Way, which, from the constellation of Orion to that of Antinous, is one blaze of light, strangely interrupted, however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio, near a Centauri and the Cross; while to the north it fades away pale and dim, and is in comparison hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast curtain, without an impression, amounting to a conviction, that the Milky Way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or, at least, that our system is placed within one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of its general mass, and that eccentrically, so as to be much nearer to the parts, about the Cross, than to that diametrically opposed to it."—*Dublin Evening Post*.

THE RAILWAY REGULATOR.—This is one of the most ingenious and useful of applications of mechanical contrivance for the accomplishment of the object indicated by its title. It consists of a dial of about five feet in diameter, upon the upper half of which is a series of numbers, showing the distances of each station along the line of railway, the number of hours occupied by every train in both directions between each station, and the several stations and stopping-places between the extreme termini. In the centre is a clock dial, by which the departure and arrival of every description of train can be ascertained at a glance. The several trains are indicated by elongated hands, which are worked by a movement constructed according to the speeds required, and attached to the works of the clock. In the railway regulator the goods train travels at the rate of 12½ miles an hour, the passenger train at 25 miles, and the express train at 50 miles an hour. The construction of this useful apparatus is simple, and cannot get out of order. It can be adapted to suit any required speeds, and by shifting the hands the hours of departure can be varied as circumstances may demand. Its accuracy is perfect, and, without reference or limitation to the number of departures, it shows at once the position of every train upon the entire length of line; and when any material alterations are made in the hours of starting, it prevents all possible confusion and risk of accidents from this cause, by showing the places at which arrangements require to be made for express and quick trains passing slow ones. The trunk line movements are all indicated upon the outer circle, and the branches are provided for by a similar division of the dial, nearer the centre, by which means additional branches can at any time be introduced, and put in motion when required, without inconvenience, expense, or derangement of the original machine. Although applied in the present instance to one railway, it would require only to be extended to embrace at one view the simultaneous operations of every railway in Great Britain. The instrument has been constructed for the East Indian Railway, for the use and guidance of the native servants, who will constitute a very large majority of those employed in India; but it will, in all probability, be adopted upon the European lines generally, as it provides for a want which is continually experienced at the several stations by railway travellers, and but imperfectly supplied by the tabular forms in present use.

WATER RAISED BY WAVES THROUGH VALVED TUBES.—A feasible and obvious application of Harvey's grand discovery of the use of valves in raising the blood through the veins, has just been suggested by a correspondent of the *Mechanics' Magazine*; namely, the raising of water from the sea, by the lash of the waves through valved tubes into reservoirs on a high level,—for the acquisition, of course, of an unlimited supply of water power, to be turned to any requisite purpose. The inventor proposes to test the practicability of the principle on Southsea Beach.—*Builder*.

AQUATIC SHOES.—Hats warranted to become effectual floats for the use of persons in danger of being drowned are no novelty.

to the readers of advertisements in English newspapers. A new article of dress, of more extraordinary floating pretensions, has, it seems, been invented by Lieutenant Smits, the director of the military swimming school at the Hague. It is a species of shoes which will enable a man to walk and run on the water, and if upset to float on it. The shoes are attached to an apparatus which covers the entire body, leaving it the free use of the arms, and the apparatus is said to be shot-proof. Several experiments have been made and have proved successful.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I find, that as in my discoveries of Phreno-Mesmerism, induced mental hallucination, the galvanic function of the lungs, &c., I am again called upon to vindicate the right. In the year 1842 I made experiments in Philadelphia and Boston in relation to the production of unconsciousness by the inhalation of narcotic and stimulating vapours. These experiments excited the sarcasm of the whole press of the United States. In 1843 I came out in a work, and announced distinctly and unequivocally the fact that "*the congestive or unconscious state may be produced by inhalation of narcotic and stimulating vapours.*" I cannot understand how the medical men in Boston or Philadelphia could pretend to priority of discovery. Full mention is made of the fact in the *London Phrenological Journal*, for 1844. Dr. Elliotson also refers to the book in the 3rd No. of *The Zoist*.

In justice to me, please to insert this in the next number of *The Critic*, and oblige,

Yours truly,

ROBERT H. COLLYER, M.D.

St. Helier's, Jersey, Jan. 1, 1847.

P.S. I will mention that instead of using stimulating vapours alone, I mixed narcotic, which prolonged the sleep to half an hour or more. The vapour arising from gum benzoin, opium, &c. may be used with success, and the time of unconsciousness prolonged to two or three hours, if required, whereas the late experiments in America never exceeded seven or eight minutes.

R. H. C.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS WITHOUT PAIN.—On Thursday, a patient at the Bristol General Hospital had his left leg removed above the knee, rendered necessary by a white swelling of three years' standing. At the suggestion of Dr. Fairbrother, the senior physician to the hospital, Mr. Lansdown, the operating surgeon, was induced to try the effect upon the patient of the inhalation of the vapour of sulphuric ether. By this mode the patient is thrown into a state of utter insensibility, by means of a bladder used in imparting the laughing-gas, into which Mr. Herapath introduced the ether, and caused the patient to inhale the vapour. After one minute and a half the patient was unconscious; the surgeon then commenced his incision. After the lapse of two or three minutes, Dr. Fairbrother again administered the vapour, keeping his fingers on the patient's pulse, and watching his breathing. Alternately wine was administered in small quantities with the vapour, which kept him in a state of unconsciousness for the period of fifteen minutes. The limb was separated from the body in one minute. During the operation the features of the face did not express the least pain, and the patient remained motionless. After the operation he awoke perfectly quiet and calm, and said he had not felt any pain, either in cutting through the skin, flesh, bone, knipping the bone, or tying the vessels, some of which required to be dissected from the nerves, which is exceedingly painful. By the satisfactory experiment now before us, as administered by Dr. Fairbrother, it is manifest that this inhalation of the vapour can be satisfactorily applied to operations of a long and painful character, and it may also be employed for the alleviation of pain in medical cases. The patient has slept better than he had for ten nights, and is going on favourably.—*Bristol Mirror*.

The following letter upon the best mode of applying the vapour we have received from Mr. Herapath, the well known analytical chymist, who was present at the operation:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,—I feel it would be wrong to withhold from the faculty and the public in general that we have repeated the American experiment of administering the vapour of ether, as a means of deadening the sensibility of the nerves, and with the most perfect success. A young man was to lose his leg by amputation of the thigh, at the Bristol General Hospital, and this was thought a good opportunity for the trial. The operation was rather a long one; from several arterial branches having to be taken up, it oc-

cupied fifteen minutes, and during this whole time the man was kept in a perfectly quiescent state, without motion or sound. He afterwards stated himself to have been conscious of the amputation, but without pain, beyond that of a scratch; and during the operation it was found that, with the assistance of wine on the one hand, and the vapour of ether on the other, he could be elevated or depressed with the most complete control, his absence of pain being continuous. The operator, Mr. Lansdown, and the other medical gentlemen present, will, no doubt, give the public the details of the case, and my duty is merely to shew the very simple application of the agent; no complicated apparatus is necessary, nor any extraordinary care in purifying the ether. A common, but very large, bladder should be fitted with a collar to which an ivory mouth-piece with a large bore can be screwed, without the intervention of any stopcock; pour in about an ounce of good common ether, and blow up the bladder with the mouth till it is nearly full; place the thumb on the mouthpiece, and agitate the bladder so as to saturate the air in it with the vapour; as soon as the patient is ready for the operation, close his nostrils, introduce the mouthpiece, and close the lips round it with the fingers. He must now breathe into and out of the bladder, and in about one or two minutes the muscles of his lips will lose their hold. This is the moment for the first cut to be made. In two or three minutes the effect will begin to disappear; the mouthpiece should be again introduced, and this repeated as often as required. If the pulse should indicate a sinking of the patient, a little wine will restore him. I have no doubt but the inspiration of nitrous oxide (laughing gas) would have a similar effect upon the nerves of sensation as the vapour of ether, as I have noticed that persons under its influence are totally insensible to pain; but I do not think it would be advisable to use it in surgical cases, from its frequently producing an ungovernable disposition to muscular exertion, which would render the patient unsteady, and embarrass the operator. The administrator of the vapour will, of course, take great care that no fluid ether shall be allowed to be drawn into the lungs, otherwise suffocation would result, or at the best, a violent cough, which must protract the operation, and considerably distress the patient.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM HERAPATH."

Bristol, Jan. 1, 1847.

SIR,—This new discovery from America of deadening the sense of pain during operations must be a matter of great rejoicing to every benevolent heart. It is, indeed, a growing triumph in science—a great victory which the intellect has achieved over one of our deepest woes—a triumph whose benefit shall extend through all times and to all nations. From henceforth and for ever operations may be performed without pain! A blessed triumph indeed! And shall we receive such a boon as this with a cold welcome, or rather shall we not make a great rejoicing in sincere and deep felt thankfulness of heart? What a beautiful opening to a new year is the announcement of this great truth which shall bring such vast and important consequences in its train! What great cause have you not to rejoice that through you have these experiments been made which have led to such a result? One of our great ends, then, is now attained by a more sure and easy means. Charming, this. And no one shall now say that it is either impossible or unadvisable to prevent the pain and horror of an operation. But let there be no exulting over our opponents; mesmerism has still its part to perform—a wide field of action—in the cure of disease, and in developing a clearer and more practical philosophy of man. We can well employ the time and strength which would have been required to prepare patients for operations; and let us be ever ready to forgive our persecutors, and welcome every step they make in advance with a generous forgiveness. What signifies the past? Let us work on, and triumph in further conquests for the future. Much injury, I conceive, is done to the cause by closely registering the sins of our opponents, and fixing them in their old holds, by branding them at every turn with their words and speeches; for to my mind this is neither good philosophy nor good morals. Strict justice is doubtless a good thing, but which of us is fit to be the judge? Then be merciful; exact not the words of "the bond" too closely, for often do the errors of our opponents arise from our own conduct, from our own opinions. Be content, then, ye brave champions for the truth, and ye shall gain the greatest of all conquests—in the victory over self. But let us hope that this new light will be fully investigated and tested in various ways, for the cure of diseases, such as asthma, spasms, &c. as well as for the deadening of the sense of pain during operations,

and let us see if it may not assist the mesmerist in producing susceptibility. Let other things be tried in a similar way, but with great caution, and tried externally as well as internally, and applied locally, in particular instances. Such a discovery as this cannot end with its first disclosure. It is full of suggestion, let it be tried in every possible way; and it will be tried, because men will accept this, being something tangible which they can taste and smell, whilst the action of Mesmerism is obscure and hidden, and full of dangerous consequences, as some foolishly imagine—dangerous to religion, says one—dangerous to morals, says another—dangerous to health, a third—dangerous to medical practice, murmurs a fourth; and so on; like frightened children in the dark, each sees his own shadow to be a danger; but when the light comes, the shadows vanish, and every one is ashamed of his folly.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

18, Upper Gloucester-place, Jan. 5, 1847.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent importunate curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

- 573. A DEED, dated June 16, 1826, whereby 5,000*l.* consols, and other property, was vested in HENRY BROOKSHANK, Esq. *Reward.*
- 574. A LEGACY of 1,000*l.* has been left to WILLIAM STUDLEY and his lawful child or children, if he be dead. His family, it is believed, were natives of Lincolnshire, and his father afterwards removed to London. If living, William Studley must be between fifty and sixty years of age.
- 575. SON OF DAUGHTER OF SARAH RICE (formerly SARAH ONIONS), who lived in Red Lion-court, near Spitalfields church, in the year 1805, and since then deceased. *Something to advantage.*
- 576. GEORGE TAYLOR, son of Edward Taylor, formerly of Bedford-new-road, Stockwell, Surrey, carpenter and builder; went abroad about 1806 as a seaman on board one of his Majesty's ships. No tidings have been received from him since, excepting a letter from a friend in 1820, stating he had entered the Merchants' Seamen's service, and was at the Cape of Good Hope. *Information respecting him will be rewarded.*
- 577. WIDOW (or ISSUE, if any,) of NATHANIEL THOMPSON PHILLIPS, formerly of Paul-street, Kingsdown, Bristol, and late of Chewstoke, Somerset, gent. (died Dec. 21, 1835.)
- 578. NEXT OF KIN OF HENRY CARPENTER, formerly of Church-court, Old Jewry, London, but late of Aldermanbury and Jewin-crescent, gent. (died May 6, 1837). *Something to advantage.*
- 579. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM GEORGE HITCHCOCK, who, in 1820, was a waterman at Woolwich, but who shortly afterwards left this country to settle in the United States, and is supposed to have died there. *Something to advantage.*
- 580. HEIR OR HEIRS-AT-LAW OF THOMAS HOGG, late of Appledore, North Devon, esq. (died Oct. 5, 1835.)
- 581. JOHN LACEY, formerly of Chatterton, Northumberland, and afterwards of Newcastle, which place he left about sixteen years ago. *Something to advantage.*
- 582. THOMAS GARTON, formerly of Chelsea, and afterwards of Brasted, Kent, which place he left about ten years ago. *Something to advantage.*
- 583. MRS. MARSHALL, wife of HENRY LILLINGTON MARSHALL, tailor. *Something to advantage.*
- 584. LEGATEES OF JOHN DICKENS, late of Worcester, attorney-at-law (died May 1832).
- 585. PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF ELEANOR MOORE, formerly of Edinburgh (died Oct. 1834).
(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

GOSSIP ABOUT LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

The Wilderspin Tribute Fund increases not. Of the paltry sum of 2,000*l.* proposed to be raised for the aged author of the infant school system, only 1,300*l.* have been realised. We are a nation of ingratitude when benefactors whose object has been to improve the mind are regarded. Mr. Wilderspin should have disciplined an army of sword-bearers, instead of helping the youthful intellect to ascend the hill of learning. Then he might have received the princely reward of a Hardinge or a Gough.

Accounts continue to be published of the performance of surgical operations while the patient is under the soporific influence of ether. At Addenbrooke Hospital success has attended every trial of the discovery, and at Bristol operations of the

kind have become frequent. The most painful operations may now be performed without the slightest pain. Whilst our own sceptical professionals prefer this chemical application for rendering the nerves senseless, in India mesmerism is resorted to. The deputy-governor of Bengal has determined, with the sanction of the supreme government, to place Dr. Esdaile for one year in charge of a small experimental hospital in some favourable situation in Calcutta, in order that he may extend his investigations to the applicability of this alleged agency to all descriptions of cases, medical as well as surgical, and to all classes of patients, European as well as native. On reports to be furnished by certain "medical visitors," to be nominated by the authorities, will mainly depend what further steps the government may deem it expedient to take in the matter.

The morning journals record, that Lord Courtenay, as an act of condescension, recently delivered a lecture on Ireland, to the Members of the Leicester Literary institution.

The City of London has taken a new stride into the march-of-intellect-current. Free reading-rooms for the labouring classes are about to be established by a Society which has the philanthropic Lord Ashley at its head.

A Sydney paper tells an extraordinary tale of a man who was recently acquitted of a charge of robbery. It associates itself with literature, and therefore we record the facts. The defence of the accused was the common one of an *alibi*, and he endeavoured to prove it by shewing that at the time of the committal of the crime in question he was within his hut, listening to a recapitulation of Horace Walpole's tale of the "Old English Baron." This recapitulation was performed by a man named Lane, lasted two hours and a half, and was entirely from memory. The Court was taken agast at the extraordinary assertion, when Lane was called, and on being asked to "recite a page or two of the tale very coolly began:—"In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphry returned from the wars in the Holy Land, where he had been sojourning for a number of years, there lived—" and so he went on for several minutes in a tone and manner which shewed that he knew every word in the book, until he was stopped by the Attorney-General, who confessed he was satisfied,—when Mr. Windeyer rose for the re-examination, and desired the witness to go on and finish the story. The Chief Justice said he could not allow the time of the Court to be wasted in this way; but Mr. Windeyer submitted to his Honour that the Attorney-General having, in his cross-examination, opened the story or conversation, he was entitled to have the whole of it. "But you do not expect me to take it down?" said his Honour with an expression of countenance which none but those who know him can picture to themselves. "Your Honour will perceive," said the learned gentleman, "that it is very important to my case, as the jury, by their questions, have shewn that they do not think that the witness could occupy two hours and a half in telling a story, and I wish to shew that he can; and unless it is conceded by the Attorney-General that Lane can occupy two hours and a half, I must prove that he can by making him do so. There being no doubt that Mr. Windeyer was right the Attorney-General agreed to make the concession if Lane could repeat the last page as well as he could the first. Lane, without the slightest embarrassment, commenced a description of the combat between the Lord Clifford and Sir Walter Lovel in the same style that he had commenced it. The result of this was, that an *alibi* that would have satisfied even Mr. Weller, sen. was proved, and the prisoner was acquitted. In his cross-examination the Attorney-General inquired of Lane what other stories he could tell, to which the reply was, "Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun," the 'Castle of Otranto,' and several others."

Another warning to delay no longer the provision of a public Record Office, happened on Saturday last, by the burning of Queen Ann's Bounty Office. The documents destroyed on this occasion were few, but the whole of the Ecclesiastical Records were greatly endangered. This is the fourth time that some kind of public records have been destroyed by fire within the last thirteen years—a fact that calls for prompt attention, and an evil that requires immediate remedy.

We were sorry to see the *Herald*, of Thursday, venture on this bad specimen of wit:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.—To E. L. B. L. B. L. B. L.—Edward! Return to your former style, and every thing shall be forgiven. Reflect ere you do any thing else. The happiness of Saunders and Otley depends upon your literary existence. Lucretia will be your ruin: be warned before it is too late."—*The Man in the Moon.*

Surely, such talented conductors as our morning contemporary can boast of having, must know that such a reputation as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's cannot be injured by a specious attempt at Punchism. The endeavour to imitate our weekly joke-maker, does not even succeed in making us laugh. If it did, the spleen evinced would be forgiven.